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The Week

CONGRESS seems chiefly concerned with taxation, immigration, and relief for the farmers. After January 6th it will consider a protective tariff policy. In the meanwhile the usual miscellaneous bills are being put forward: bills for federal investigation of unemployment, "blue laws," anti-opium and narcotic bills. A great number of legislators are putting forth bills with the general aim of stimulating business. Pressure by the farmers, in the cotton states as elsewhere, seems to make some form of government aid, on the lines of the War Finance corporation, fairly certain. Senator Smoot wants an embargo on wool; Senator McCumber wants to restrict the importation of grain, grain products, live stock and certain foods. Most of these measures are more or less emergency ones: they are cures for evils that have already gone far. Another characteristic is how little they fit in with any general planned scheme of reconstructive legislation; they represent the pressure of various special interests, the different groups whose power is in their votes: the reformers, the business men, the wool growers, the cotton growers, the wheat growers. Congress's attention and zeal for these special interests are quite apparent.

THE Republican members of the Senate finance committee have announced that there will be no effort to revise taxes at this session. But many signs point to the nature of the remedies they have in mind for the next. Small annoying tax burdens will be lifted, and of course the Republicans hope and promise to relieve business of the excess profits tax. How the resultant deficit may be covered is a puzzle. One way is to reduce Army and Navy appropriations. The expense of both arms for the fiscal year 1920 was 2,347 million. The estimate for the next year is about 935 million for the Army and 679 million for the Navy. Republican plans seem to be to lop off 200 million from each figure. Any decision on Navy appropriations should be influenced by Mr. Austen Chamberlain's announcement that the British Government would present to Parliament no program of capital ship construction until an exhaustive analysis of the experience of the Navy in the late war has shown just what items in naval construction remain valuable. A substantial reduction of our Army and Navy estimates would also be an excellent answer to Viscount Ishii, when he told the League Assembly that Japan could not reduce armaments so long as the United States continued to increase them.

BEFORE the election, predictions were numerous that the expulsion of the Socialists would multiply their vote in New York State. And if nowhere else in the country was there so lurid a sample, there was repression enough to lead many of us to expect that the protests of the discontented would swell the national Socialist total to somewhere near two million votes. In New York Debs polled over four times as many votes as Benson had in 1916. The first half of the prediction came true. But not the second: for the other day Mr. Otto Branstetter, the National Socialist Secretary, reported that the total was between 930,000 and 960,000 and might exceed a million when missing states had been heard from. These figures mean that the Socialists, after four years, punctuated by

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war, deportations, attacks on free speech, and Palmer, have just about held their own. The inference is inevitable: Whatever third party may grow to a real strength in our politics, it will not be the Socialist party. There is something in this party, in its creed or its tactics, that does not appeal to average Americans, however oppressed or restless they may feel.

IN a speech before a meeting in New York to which he was introduced as a "law and order" governor, Governor John J. Cornwell said he would preserve respect for the law in Mingo county if he "had to call out every able-bodied man in the state and ask for the entire United States Army." This speech does not give West Virginia any real excuse for being unable to take care of itself. The governor describes the beginning of disorder as follows: "Some of the operators . . . . wisely or unwisely, dismissed employees when they joined the union. Then the operators unwisely sent in private detectives to dispossess the men of the company houses, and trouble started." Why was Governor Cornwell unable to prevent the use of these "private detectives" by the companies? If their use leads to murder, what steps has he taken to have it prevented by law? If Governor Cornwell cannot himself maintain law and order, but must call on the United States for help, this help should be impartial and complete, and should include a federal investigation as well as federal troops.

EARLIER in the week Governor Cornwell made another interesting statement. The Miners' assertion that there was in Mingo County a private army of gunmen, was, he said, "without the semblance of truth . . . . since the tragedy at Matewan early in May, when a number of the employees of the Felts Detective Agency were killed, no employees of that or any other concern . . . . have been in the strike region . . . . *If any are in the field they are not guards, but secret operatives.*" This revelation by a public official of the use of spies in an American industry will not be forgotten.

AN offensive and defensive alliance has been formed by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies Garment Workers, and other smaller unions, to present a common solid front, 380,000 strong, to what seems to them the employers' fight for a return to the sweat-shop. This Needle Workers Alliance is something new, but it would be less strange and surprising did not one of the allies (the International Ladies' Garment Workers) belong to the American Federation of Labor. For its partner, the Amalgamated, is independent, and looked upon by the A. F. of L. with hostility, as it began life by seceding from the United Garment Workers, an A. F. of L. union. Since then, the Garment Workers have been used by the employers in attempts to break up the Amalgamated, and needless to say, they have not joined hands with the Amalgamated in this alliance. But the International Ladies Garment Workers have joined them, and they are in the A. F. of L. This is hard to explain, considering how little love is lost between the great father of labor unions and a prodigal son. The cause is to be found not so much in the necessity for a "union sacrée" against the employers, as in an essential solidarity and likeness among the needle workers. Desperate need there may be, but the alliance means more than that. The aggressive "open shop" will, we venture to say, shift the balance of forces within the ranks of organized labor.

IT is likely that an investigation of the building trades, which has been disentangling the maze of corruption in New York, will be made in other cities as well. The Senate Committee on Reconstruction have the power to make such an investigation, but have had no counsel to assist them. Senator Calder has introduced into the Senate a resolution authorizing his committee to employ such counsel. There is little reason to doubt that many other large cities are just as rotten as New York, and that a thorough investigation would bring to light building rings in Chicago and Cleveland, and at least a Sam Parks or two, if not even a graft king of the caliber of Brindell. It is to be hoped that the American Federation of Labor will show more interest than it has in the case of New York. Labor has everything to gain by exposing these crooks; Mr. Gompers and the A. F. of L. have nothing to lose by a flatfooted condemnation of Brindell and his like. But so far they have been inactive and almost silent, and their silence and inactivity remain an unpleasant mystery.

UNTIL the possibility of war with Japan entirely disappears, the United States will go on playing with Japan a careful but tenacious game of chess for strategic points in the Pacific. The latest move is Japan's, and it centres about an island named Yap. This is almost the most western of the Carolines, and lies midway between the U. S. naval station of Guam and the Philippines. A cable station at Yap links Shanghai with the main cable from San Francisco to the Dutch East Indies, and also links the cable route from Guam to Manila. The position of our government, as described by

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Mr. Norman H. Davis, Under-secretary of State, to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is that Yap was not included in the Versailles disposition of the German Pacific Islands between Japan, Australia and New Zealand, and that, as an important cable station, it should not be controlled by any one nation. Japan has refused to enter into a cable convention with us unless we recognize her special rights in the former German cable system, including the station at Yap. Between these two positions the International Communications Conference at Washington is deadlocked.

MR. Lloyd George and his government have determined upon what he calls a "double policy" in Ireland. One side of it is martial law, and an intenser campaign against the "desperate minority who are using murder and outrage in Ireland in order to make it impossible to bring about peace." The other half is Great Britain's readiness "to open . . . . every channel for an honorable settlement." Mr. Lloyd George has in his makeup much mercury that responds to whatever political temperature happens to surround him, yet this time he seems deeply, sincerely desirous of peace. But his method is impossible. Why does he think it possible? This is best explained by his newspaper echo, the Daily Chronicle, in whose columns his policy looks like an attempt to drive a wedge between the camps of murder and peace in Ireland. Divide—et impera. When Lloyd George says that "the first necessary preliminary for the establishment of normal conditions is that murder, crimes and violence should cease," does he mean to include the violence, crimes and murders of the Black and Tans? At this distance it seems as if there were little chance of dividing an Ireland that almost as one man hates him for his policy, and will hate him until the British troops are withdrawn.

A RECENT public statement by the American Jewish Committee and some half-dozen other Jewish organizations attacks the Anti-Semitic propaganda that has been creeping through Europe and has finally reached us. The most recent example of this, the so-called "Protocols of the Meetings of the Zionist Men of Wisdom," which are supposedly a revelation of a world wide Jewish organization's plan to overthrow Christian civilization by proletarian revolutions and erect a Jewish state on the ruins, has a long pedigree of forgeries behind it. The theory that the Jews are the "Hidden Hand" behind all world troubles is three centuries old. During the Thirty Years' War, pamphlets were published attacking the Reformation as a plot against Christianity by the "Quacker, Frey-geister und Heil- und Gottlosen Juden." This theory reappeared in blood curdling works from 1797 to 1868. In 1868 a German named Hermann Goedsche, who had been dismissed from the Prussian Postal Service for forgery, fabricated a document that appeared to be a Jewish avowal of a plan to use gold and the press to subvert Monarchy and Christianity. The present version of the "Protocols" is an amplified imitation of Goedsche's handiwork adapted to the circumstances of the Russian Revolution of 1905. It is by one Serge Nilus, whose mysterious description of how he came by the "secret documents" could scarcely deceive anybody. His work was skilfully used by the Russian secret police in pogrom propaganda. It has now been made over for Anglo-Saxon consumption in the form of a book The Cause of the World Unrest, published in New York by Putnams; in a small pamphlet called The Protocols, published by Small Maynard & Co., of Boston, and also in recent articles in Mr. Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent. As usual with such stuff, these are all anonymous, and could deceive only the most credulous, but since such people are in a majority in the world, a warning is all the more necessary.

AN armistice—some reports even call it a peace—was signed by the Turks and Armenians on December 3rd. Its terms—which we as yet know only in part—seem to restrict Armenia to a very small area about Erivan and Lake Gokcha. The generous boundaries President Wilson wants for Armenia are understood to include territory five or six times as large as this. A solution on ethnographic lines would be somewhere between the extremes of the President and of the Turks, but massacres and migration would make such lines very difficult to determine. Under the Turkish terms, Armenia has cruelly shrunk. There is also news that what remains of the Armenia government has set up Soviets. "Soviets" in that part of the world can mean but little, as the Bolshevik propaganda in the East is nationalist far more than communist. It is perhaps for this reason that the Russians have forced a peace that gives so much to the Turkish nationalists.

THESE are scattering returns from all parts of the world: Premier Giolitti has found it impossible to recognize the Regency of Quarnero if d'Annunzio insists on interpreting recognition as annexation of Fiume by Italy. A relief shipment of some $150,000 worth of drugs, medicines and

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clothing has left the United States for distribution in White Russia. This work is being organized by the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee of New York. There is a rumor that French textile manufacturers with unsalable surpluses on their hands are planning to sell them to Soviet Russia. The Greek government has officially invited King Constantine to return to his throne. Japan, says Baron Hayashi, one of her delegates at Geneva, "is perfectly prepared to give back Kiao-Chau as soon as possible. We have already asked China to enter negotiations, but China is hesitating." Mexico has been officially recognized by Japan and Brazil. Mr. Woldemar, the Lithuanian delegate at Geneva, served notice on the League Council that his country is opposed to intervention (for the plebiscite) on Lithuanian soil, as it would be an infringement of the treaty with Russia. The League Committee on Admissions voted to admit Bulgaria to membership and to let Armenia, Albania and Georgia take part in the work of the technical commissions. The Assembly has weakened the League's economic blockade weapon by deciding to leave to each country decision as to when the blockade should be applied.

The Outsider in Labor Disputes

IN every labor dispute there are grievances about which an outsider cannot hope to have an opinion. Did John Smith break the rules, or was he discharged for union activity? Can the industry at a particular date support the existing wage schedules, can they be raised, or must they be lowered, and how much? Is the management incompetent or is labor going slow to make work? There are no offhand answers to questions like these, except in the minds of those who think that wage earners are always right, or always wrong.

But it cannot follow from this that the outside public is entitled to no opinion at all. How is it to reach an opinion, and what kind of an opinion can it reach? The answer goes to the bottom of the problem raised by the "open shop" campaign. Now the spokesmen of the various employers' associations assert that the right to hire and fire belongs wholly to the manufacturer. The unions and their sympathizers deny this. Everything else turns upon this fundamental conflict. It is easy to see why this is so. If the employer can fire and hire at any time for any reason that seems good to him, then the worker is like a tenant without a lease dealing with a landlord who can issue his own notices of eviction. The unlimited power of discharge naturally means the unlimited irresponsibility of the worker. For an industry from which he can be evicted at any time can obviously make no claim upon him. If he can be fired when it suits his employer, he works to suit himself. When prices are high and the demand for labor is brisk he puts his labor up at auction and follows the highest pay without compunction and without regard to the future. For him there is no future that he can take into account. Even if he makes himself liked with the boss, and is familiarly called Jack, he does not know that a new foreman won't take a violent dislike to him four weeks hence. And all the while he knows perfectly that if prices fall, he may be on the street.

That loyalty, cooperation, harmony, and zeal do not flourish easily when a man has no stake in an enterprise is, we believe, everywhere admitted. What does the excellent advice about owning a home spring from except the knowledge that a man will not care for a community in which he is a mere transient? What are the schemes for distributing stock to employees but an attempt to create more permanent bonds between the worker and his industry? Well, the recognition of the worker's equity in his job is not only more important than home ownership or stock ownership; it is the only condition under which they are tolerable. To own a home when at any day you may have to move out of town is not to acquire property, but an entanglement. It is to jeopardize everything including your savings. For if the job is insecure in the sense that it depends upon the will or the whim of the employer, then there is no use preaching loyalty to the industry, a stake in the community, or personal thrift.

It is, therefore, no idle phrase when people characterize the "open shop" campaign as radically anti-social and morally destructive. But what is the alternative? Should the right to hire and fire be taken away from the employer and be given solely to the union? Most certainly not now, given the unions as they are, and probably not in any future which is within the realm of practical consideration. The state of affairs represented by Brindell in the building trades shows clearly enough the sort of abuse which can develop within a union. And even if Brindellism is the extreme case in labor as Garyism is the extreme case in capital, there is nevertheless no reason to think that complete union control of work would not sooner or later produce immense evils.

The only promising alternative is joint control under a chairman as nearly impartial as it is possible to find. This system presupposes three things: a loyal willingness of the employers' association to enforce the joint decision against a recalcitrant employer; a loyal willingness by the union leaders acting with the conscious support of a majority of

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the workers to enforce the discipline agreed to; and the gradual building up by joint agreement, and by precedents in particular cases, of a body of industrial law, based on objective standards of costs and objective methods of ascertaining fact.

When these principles exist in an industry, the outside public has a clue to follow if a dispute breaks out. It does not need to ask: was it right to fire John Smith? It cannot know the facts. All it needs to ask is: Was John Smith fired by due process of law? If he was, then the presumption against John Smith is overwhelming; if he was not, the presumption against his employer is overwhelming. The presumption is naturally not final in every case for due process does not produce automatic justice. There will always be cases which are exceptional. But if the system of joint control has any firm tradition, if the majority of employers and employees have learned to respect it, these exceptional cases can generally be adjusted by exceptional machinery, jointly agreed to. When they cannot be adjusted this way, it is an almost certain sign of a radical disorder in the industry which calls for a public inquiry.

This seems to us the key to a constructive public opinion where an industry is under joint control. The wise policy is to make the industry itself responsible for keeping the peace, for there is no peace worth the name which is imposed from outside. All this bears directly on the clothing lockout in New York City. The industry itself, especially in the New York market, is wildly competitive. It has just emerged, under union pressure, from the sweatshop condition. It is still managed by manufacturers imbued with the sweatshop tradition. When prices were kiting, the employers bid against each other for labor so recklessly that *the union asked them to desist.* They could see nothing but big profits, and for labor they would pay any price. One price was the establishment of joint control under an impartial chairman. And under that system there has been industrial peace for two years. But one group of the manufacturers was never loyal to the plan. They accepted it simply because that was the only way to secure labor which they needed to take advantage of the riot of profiteering. As soon as the consumer revolted and the market collapsed, this group of employers started to destroy the system of joint control, and to prepare for a return to the sweatshop. They ousted their own labor manager who was loyal to joint control, replaced him by a notorious troublemaker, refused any impartial inquiry into the relation of labor costs to total costs and prices, and demanded the absolute right to hire and fire. The union against which this assault is directed, the New York Times characterized as follows: "In the effort to mitigate their hard lot, the workers, after decades of valiant struggle, have built up a powerful and intelligently directed union."

The Times goes on to say, however, that "unfortunately for its credit with the general public, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is perhaps the most strenuously socialistic union in the country." The union is socialistic. On that fact hangs a most interesting tale that throws light on the industrial question everywhere. Here is a union composed on the whole of Marxian socialists, and it is a union which the Times considers "intelligently directed." That it has been loyal to the system of joint control is shown by the friendliness of Hart, Schaffner and Marx in Chicago, but most of all by the fact that the New York employers do not charge a breach of the agreement. Now it must have occurred to someone that there must be many among these strenuous Marxian socialists to whom so tepid and "bourgeois" a thing as joint control must go against the grain of dogma. There are. And that is just where the intelligence and character of the union leaders have been most strikingly exhibited. They have managed to lead men who theoretically believe in class war to practice detailed adjustment in the interest of the industry as a whole. That is no small feat, and so far as we are able to judge it has been done without deception. It has been done by showing that while ultimately the socialism promised in the preamble may prevail, it cannot prevail in a broken industry nor among workers without experience in the problems of that industry. The union has, therefore, preached the necessity of production, stabilization, and the importance of discipline. And it has persuaded even the New York Times of the intelligence of its leaders.

Is it not plain as a pikestaff that if the employers wreck the agreement, the Marxian dogma will supplant the then discredited policy of the union; and that henceforth the practice of unremitting warfare will take the place of intelligent peace? Is it extravagant or unfair to say that the New York clothiers are blind and destructive, not because they wish to lower wages, but because they are engaged in upsetting the law and order of the industry? Or that the union which is loyal to joint control deserves public support against the employers who are disloyal?

The New Republic does not speak for labor and does not pretend to speak for it. It is primarily concerned with the development of a body of industrial practice which will end strikes, lockouts, the wastes of unemployment, inflated turnover, inefficient management and all forms of sabotage, by

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the introduction of joint control, decision on scientifically ascertained audits, and the education of worker, manager, engineer and capitalist to the habit of looking at the function and interest of an industry as a whole. That is by no means the view of organized labor today, nor is it the view of the leading employers. Yet it seems to us the only feasible and constructive view. And therefore where we find Garyism among employers or Brindellism among the workers we oppose it. Where we find a Hart, Schaffner and Marx or a Sidney Hillman, a Herbert Hoover, or a Garrett, an Owen Young, a Johnston, we recognize a similar purpose.

The Children of Europe

MR. HOOVER has eloquently charged the bodily wants of 3,500,000 European children against the conscience of America. But even deeper seams than starvation, in the wretched child life of central and eastern Europe, are disclosed in Miss Lathrop's Eighth Annual Report as Chief of the Federal Children's Bureau. With characteristic statesmanship President Masaryk of the Czecho-Slovak Republic sought the experience of the United States in dealing with the basic problems of every country's child-welfare. He, therefore, requested from this government the personal assistance of Miss Lathrop. During her stay in Czecho-Slovakia invitations came to her from the other new republics and she thus saw the whole of central Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic. In her report just published, the social life and atmosphere of central Europe are revealed with the sombre calmness of the scientist. No tenderer eyes have looked upon that cruelest wastage of the war, wrecked child-life. Yet no one has made a more rigorously scientific approach to the solution of these appalling problems.

Czecho-Slovakia is the most favored country of central Europe. By her condition we can measure the more poignant miseries of the other nations. "At present every social problem is intensified by the conditions created by the war, and none is more urgent and immediate than that of child welfare." Out of an estimated 2,500,000 children between two and fourteen nearly 700,000 were in need of relief—of which 500,000 received food from the European Children's Fund, while 174,000 were not reached. For six years children have undergone dwarfing of body and retarding of mind; an unknown but large number suffers from malnutrition and its consequences; an unknown but again large number is tuberculous. Worse, if anything, is the moral aspect. Through war mortality of fathers, typhus deaths of mothers, the resultant impairment of family protection, the breakdown of the accustomed conventions and safeguards, juvenile waywardness and delinquency have become widespread. The close tie between economic condition and moral resistance is joltingly brought home in a report, last spring, of the Czecho-Slovak Minister of Social Welfare:

> Most of all our youth have suffered. Deprived of the guidance of the fathers and the care of the mothers, who had to stand day and night in lines in front of the shops waiting for their ration of food; *in many cases also* without a regular school attendance, the children were left entirely to the influences of the streets. The increase in the number of youthful criminals and of young girls abandoned to prostitution is terrifying.

Very much worse, of course, are the glimpses we get of Poland. Thus, the careful observation in Warsaw of 1,631 dispensary children (to be sure "the poorer classes," but they are predominant), under five years, showed that in the fourth year, those able to walk reached 65 per cent, while in the fifth year 69 per cent were walking, but 27 per cent stopped walking because of general debility and 4 per cent had never begun to walk. Consumption claimed 14 per cent of the children in the second year of life, 17 per cent in the third year, 26 per cent in the fourth year, and in the fifth year 37 per cent—every third child had tuberculosis. These dead figures really tell no tale. For the sight of children in Vienna hospitals, or at the Friends' Clothing distribution, or the long line of children waiting, in the early morning in Warsaw, for the opening of the Joint Distribution Committee's milk-stations cannot be pictured statistically.

Splendid as is the extent and effectiveness of American, Allied and neutral relief Miss Lathrop speaks for every sensitive visitor in being "above all . . . awed by the unmeasured devotion and skill with which citizens in all the war-harassed nations have themselves labored since 1914 to protect their children."

Miss Lathrop directs attention to an achievement even more striking than this gallant effort for the children.

> The visitor is impressed not only with the unbounded devotion of the civilian efforts to protect children in the war areas and their great effectiveness under the most depressing conditions but also with the fact that much of the underfeeding and social injury has taken place under the observation of scientific authorities of the highest standing, who have unsparingly devoted themselves to practical amelioration, and whose observations would have great weight if summed up and published. The practical effect of scientific research pursued under the pressure of war food shortage is illustrated by the immediate adoption of Pirquet's new feeding systems in the kitchens of the Vienna European Children's Fund. From scientific

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studies in all the phases of child life touched by the war we may look not only for immediate help in solving the various urgent problems now confronting the countries of central Europe, but also for data invaluable for other purposes.

Miss Lathrop suggests three chief directions that such correlated studies of child welfare in central Europe would naturally take—studies of underfeeding, studies of behavior and delinquency, and studies of children in industry.

"The most obvious war consequence is, of course, the continent-wide phenomenon of underfeeding." One would suppose that to a self-critical and self-protective civilization the scientific ascertainment of the extent and exact nature of this phenomenon would be equally obvious. Doctors and scientists overwhelmed with practical tasks have given hints here and there, have indicated the lack of data and urged the need of wider study. Some of the results of underfeeding are on the surface, others are far more subtle and await more concerted and penetrating scientific attack.

Similarly, the war's effects upon the conduct of children and young people have arrested the attention of criminologists and social scientists. But thus far only partial and isolated statistical studies have been made. The phenomenon is wide spread, varying in intensity, doubtless, with the impairment of family restraints and the degree of economic pressure. Moreover, subtle factors are here, too, at work—the influence on Belgian children of disobedience of the invader's laws, the effect on the child mind of the soldier-father's exploits.

> How far the lack of food and physical welfare is responsible, how far the absence of fathers and the breakdown of the family is accountable, in what degree the lack of schooling, how far the excitement and abnormal social conditions of war have unsettled nervous and mental balance and hence led to delinquency, are among the questions whose answers would be useful in the readjustment to peace conditions in every country, in the establishment of the new laws and institutions which are urgently necessary.
>
> The studies thus far made are chiefly from the approach of the physician, but other scientific observations are also necessary, including those of the educator and the student of applied social science.

Finally the physical effects of industrial life upon children offer a long-delayed field for scientific study. "The intelligent protection of the health of working children and the studies upon which that protection should be based are subjects of increased urgency wherever marked underfeeding and hardship have prevailed for a period covering the war and postwar years of the child's life." This need has been heretofore recognized by such authorities as Dean Edsall of the Harvard Medical School and the American Academy of Medicine.

Only the United States can secure the fulfillment of this urgent scientific program. The materials for study and the scientists to pursue it are available abroad. Miss Lathrop herself, in conjunction with a scientific advisory committee, could organize such a survey as she outlines. Europe can furnish men and material, this country must furnish the necessary money. And what a mere pittance would suffice for so fruitful a work! Here, surely, is a proposal for research that should make a compelling appeal, at once scientific and humanitarian, to those men, like Dr. Vincent, Dr. Flexner, Dr. Pritchett, Dr. Scott, Professor Farrand, who guide the destiny of the great foundations.

A Truce to Immigration

TO close our doors against immigration, even temporarily, is a measure no one imbued with the American spirit can contemplate without misgivings. We are essentially a nation of immigrants. Our history of colonization is a romance of immigration which has impressed itself deeply on the minds of all Americans. Our traditions are tinged with the color of new life blooming from stocks transplanted to a fertile soil under a new sky. What is the characteristic American optimism and courage but the collective reflection of the new hopes springing from the opportunities thrown open to the newcomer? Has the time now come when we must reverse our policy, and guard our national heritage jealously for those already here? In that case we must look forward to a different kind of America, less generous, less free, less brave.

For our part we do not believe the time has come, or is even near at hand, when our national welfare may require the permanent exclusion of those who wish to make their homes in America. We believe that it is a superficial view that room can not be made for additional population without lowering the standards of living already established, or without checking present tendencies toward higher standards. The chief possibilities of American economic development still lie in the future. We believe that it is a timid and mean-spirited view that American ideals and institutions can not prevail over any new and strange ideals and institutions the prospective groups of immigrants may bring with them. America is not a China, compelled either to exclude the "foreign devils" or be warped out of her self-chosen orbit.

But though we believe that there is no valid reason why a permanent dyke should be erected against immigration, we can not accept the laissez-faire view, that it is no concern of the American people what kind of immigrants come, what in-

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fluences are at work to draw them to this country, what happens to them after they get here, how their coming bears upon our own current social and economic problems. America needs a definite immigration policy, which shall make it possible to differentiate between those who have the intelligence and initiative to seek entrance to America on their own account and those who are recruited for emigration by the steamship companies, by employers seeking cheap and docile labor, by governments desiring to expel recalcitrant minorities by philanthropic organizations that would solve particular problems of European poverty through their removal to America. We ought not to tolerate any kind of mass immigration or subsidized immigration.

Selection is necessary, but it is far from the whole of a sound immigration policy. We can not afford to have even the best selected immigrants dumped at our ports, to fall, very likely, into the hands of exploiters, and, at the best, to go through a period of bewilderment and hopelessness that will go far toward setting them against America. Immigration is economically a matter of labor supply and can not be handled intelligently except as related to the demand for labor throughout the country. But we are so far from a systematic oversight of the labor demand that intelligent men are now asserting that we are suffering from a shortage of labor and other equally intelligent men are asserting that there is not a class of labor of which we do not have a plethora. We shall never handle immigration rationally so long as this condition obtains.

We are not now organized to receive immigrants properly, or to distribute them in such a way as to insure ourselves against aggravation of the present evils of increasing unemployment and labor unrest. To work out a satisfactory national policy will require months; but in the meantime multitudes, in almost every European country, are restless and discontented, and the shipping companies are casting eager eyes upon the earnings to be had from mass emigration. What else can we do, in the national interest, but declare a truce to immigration? A year's suspension to immigration ought to suffice, if the working out of a national policy is undertaken in good faith. But such a truce will be of no value unless we actually use the time to overhaul our entire immigration policy. If we stop with the truce, the disadvantages of indefinite restriction will presently impress themselves upon us when our industry again takes an upward swing and we shall remove all barriers and let in a flood probably not so desirable in its constituent elements as that which it is now proposed to exclude.

American Business Depression and European Distress

THERE was a time when even the fairly well informed Americans might cherish the illusion that the United States was economically independent of Europe. We could produce for ourselves the food and raw materials we required; we possessed the manufacturing power to supply our needs; what, then, had we to do with Europe? But we have since learned better than to comfort ourselves with the balancing of big figures, appropriate material for spread eagle orations. Throughout the country mills are closing down and unemployment is growing apace. From the price level of last spring, on which the farmer based his calculations when he plowed and sowed, agricultural products have fallen so disastrously as to involve losses according to the estimate of the National City Bank of between six and eight billions. That loss in purchasing power necessarily reflects itself in the demand for industrial products, with corresponding losses to industry probably greatly exceeding the agricultural loss. Without a doubt, the national production, measured in money values, is at least a billion a month less than it was a year ago.

That is in part due to the inevitable deflation and readjustment after the fever of war. Some decline in price levels was inevitable. Many bankruptcies were due, in consequence of the cumulative effect of business vices condoned or overlooked in time of war. But nobody can believe for a moment that those inherent weaknesses count for much alongside of the utter disorganization of the foreign market produced by the failure of Europe to return to the normal processes of peace. There would not be in fact a world surplus of wheat and cotton, wool and leather, copper and iron and steel products, if those who stand in need of those materials were in a position to buy. Indeed, we shall not know for months whether existing wheat stocks will suffice to feed the world until the next harvest, and by all the indicia of normal world consumption there ought to be a demand sufficient to absorb eighteen million bales of cotton, instead of merely the twelve million we actually produced. Wheat and cotton are down simply because those who need them have not the purchasing power. France, Italy and Belgium, but beyond all, central Europe, need the surpluses that are dragging our markets down, but they cannot surmount the wall of the exchanges to get those surpluses. They can not produce goods in advance to barter against our products, and we are not financially organized to furnish the goods on credit. Not that we are

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not in fact extending credit in considerable volume. Our large monthly excess of exports proves that we are. Dr. B. M. Anderson calculates that Europe's floating indebtedness to us now exceeds three billions. That sum represents chiefly credits extended to British business men, who have in turn extended something like the same volume of credit to their continental customers. These facts ought to dispose of any lingering notion that solvent borrowers are not to be found in Europe. The British business man does not grant credits out of philanthropy. It follows that if we set about it in a big, organized way we could even now, in spite of European chaos, place a large volume of our surplus products abroad, with perfect safety. Our business men are not children, incompetent to look after their interests in markets where British business men are winning comfortable profits.

Where the British exporter has an advantage in the intensive exploitation of the European market is in an investing public accustomed to take his foreign bills off his hands, releasing his capital for further operations. We may in time parallel this advantage through the organization of corporations under the Edge law. In time; but commercial depression is at our doors. That is the real justification for the demand for the resuscitation of the War Finance Corporation, so calmly put under ether by Secretary Houston, apparently under the conviction that a commercial depression cutting ten billions off the national income is to be preferred to the possible losses on a much less volume of foreign credits required to move our surplus products to the consumers who need them. The agricultural West and South do not share this conviction, to judge from the attitude of the representatives of those sections in Congress. On this point, the farmers and bankers seem to agree—portent of the times.

It is an enormous advance in our national education in economics to recognize that our prosperity is bound up with our foreign markets, which we must supply on credit when we can not get cash. But our national education is not therewith finished. It is not enough to set some part of our present surplus stocks moving through the extension of credits to our foreign customers. We cannot contemplate with comfort a steady increase in our European credits unless at the same time the structure of European economic life becomes more stable. With the whole continent flooded with paper money of dubious value; with France, Italy and Germany unable to balance their budgets and the accumulating deficits threatening increased financial disorder; with militarism plotting restlessly throughout central Europe, with or against the victors in the late war, how can the orderly business of production get under way? Yet it is upon production that the ultimate payment of any credits we may extend to Europe must depend. And it is with a Europe producing goods in abundance that we must cooperate in future if we are to make the most of our own natural resources.

Let us ignore for the moment, if we can, all humanitarian considerations. We will not enter as a credit the difference between the starving European populations of today and the same populations fully employed and adequately fed and clothed. Let us ignore all considerations of world peace, forgetting that in the chronic misery now settled upon the greater part of Europe militarist and monarchist plots thrive amazingly. Let us disregard the subtle forces of social contagion, that transmit the moral consequences of economic disintegration in ever widening circles. We are concerned here just with the definite effects of European economic decay upon our own material prosperity. Of those effects we have a preliminary taste in the current depression of our industry and agriculture. Is that not enough to convince us that we have been shortsighted in treating European economic recovery as purely the affair of Europe?

If we had been as farsighted as we were in fact shortsighted, we should have recognized at the outset that the German indemnity, so long as it should remain indefinite, or, after being fixed, if placed above a reasonable figure, was inevitably a centre of corruption, eating out the tissue of European economic life. The French have counted on the indemnity to ward off the consequences of an extravagant policy af meddling in the affairs of central and eastern Europe and Asia Minor. They have used it to excuse a fiscal incompetence that steadily lowers the credit of the French government. The Germans, threatened with burdens increasing with every sign of recovery, have tailed to address themselves to the work of paying what is reasonably due from them. It is superfluous to trace out how the indemnity deadlock has worked to retard economic recovery in Austria and Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and even in Italy and Greece. Americans need not look beyond our own economic depression to gain a realization of the potency for evil of the German indemnity.

But was there anything we could have done about it at the time of the Peace Conference, or that we can still do? Yes. Mr. Baruch has pointed out that our commissioners pressed for a fixed and moderate indemnity, foreseeing exactly the consequences of a policy of punitive overreaching. But our representatives were eloquent in words, not in deeds. They advised the Allies not to drop the substance of an indemnity that would be paid while

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grasping for the shadow of one that would not be. At the same time the American representatives refused to recognize that they too were grasping for a shadow—the repayment of the ten billions loaned to our Allies to aid them in the prosecution of our common war against Germany. The French in particular regarded relief from this obligation of repayment as of the utmost importance. If we had been willing to consider it, we could have taken a dominant part in the writing of the reparation clauses of the Treaty. We could have compelled England to release France and Italy from their debt to England by cancelling our own claim on England. We could have compelled France to content herself with an indemnity from Germany fixed at such an amount that indemnity bonds would be actually salable. France would then have been in a position to rehabilitate her finances forthwith and to proceed rapidly with her economic rehabilitation. Germany could have gone to work at once to pay off her indemnity. Italy would have secured material relief from the fiscal burdens pressing upon her and would have shared in the growing economic prosperity of Europe. All these benefits had to be foregone because of the refusal of our own representatives to consider on any terms the remission of our claims upon our Allies. They refused to consider the proposal because they thought that Congress would never stand for such an act of apparent generosity to our Allies, though in the long run it might turn out to be the shrewdest practical policy for ourselves.

Perhaps our commissioners were right in their estimate of the temper of Congress. At that time Americans were still saying, "Now the war is over, we are through with Europe." But today we all know better. Is it too late to mend the mistakes of Versailles? We do not believe that.

Let America announce that she is willing to enter an Inter-Allied Congress, to consider ways of rehabilitating the financial and economic life of her European customers, indicating her willingness to consider the remission of her war claims upon her late associates, provided they are ready to join in creating the conditions of real economic peace. Is there the least reason for supposing that such a proposal would be rejected? The Allied statesmen know well enough that they will never get out of Germany and Austria the exaggerated sums their peoples have been led to expect. But their political fortunes depend on keeping alive hope of relief from the burden of war debt through indemnity payment. If, however, America took the initiative toward revision, exhibiting at the same time her willingness to assume sacrifices herself the matter could be presented to the Allied peoples in another light.

It may be said that we are proposing to buy moderation and common sense of our European Allies at an expense of ten billions to ourselves. Let us face frankly the history of those loans to our Allies. We entered the war when France and Italy, and England, too, for that matter, were near the end of their financial tethers. We could have refused stolidly to lend them money, reserving our funds for our own war-making. Suppose we had done so. Our Allies would probably have persevered in fighting, but certainly they would have been compelled to limit their operations to the most rigorously defensive requirements. We should have faced a much more powerful Germany, when at last we were ready to fight, and in all probability the war would have dragged on another year, adding twenty or thirty billions to our war debt. Is it surprising that Frenchmen and Englishmen and Italians do not feel that the equities are on our side when we seek to recover those ten billions?

They agreed, however, to pay back our money. They will pay it back, if they can. But can they? Down to the present they have not been able to meet even the interest. And how soon shall we be taking from abroad three-quarters of a billion of imports annually in excess of our exports—an amount we should have to take to extinguish the debt in a generation?

Our Allies are demanding from Germany sums that exceed what is equitable and practicable. We are demanding from our Allies sums beyond the equitable and practicable. They are grasping at shadows, and so are we. And in the meantime the substance of our prosperity slips away. How long are we to be ravaged by such folly and its consequences? It all lies with the American people, who alone are in a position to take the initiative for the general good.

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The Irrepressible Farmer

THE landslide did not discriminate. The Nonpartisan League, political organ of farmer discontent, went down with the rest. In Colorado and Montana where it was operating in the name of the Democratic party it was, of course, engulfed. In Minnesota and Nebraska, where it ran independent tickets, it fell to the rear. In North Dakota, where it had the advantage of bearing the winning party name, it elected a Senator and saved the governorship, but lost the legislature. Those lately in panic over the growth of the Nonpartisan League are breathing easily now. They think the league is done for.

They may be right. No one knows the vitality of the league. It may disappoint its enemies. Farmer discontent over the disastrous drop in prices of farm products may yet save the league. On the other hand, the centralized control which made the league so rapid to rise and so efficient at a fight may be a fatal weakness when it comes to outliving a defeat. It may fall as quickly as it rose. There would be, of course, a moral residue even in that case. The unrest which the league reflected and the projects which it promoted will remain even should the league disintegrate from the effects of the more or less accidental blow which it has suffered. But the opponents of the league are entitled, on the whole, to hope that they have fatally weakened this political movement. They have repulsed an army; but have they won the war? That is a larger question.

Its opponents fought the Nonpartisan League with a desperation not often displayed in western political contests because they felt their economic power imperiled. The league menaced the control by private business of the flow of goods between farm and factory. By means of political control employed to establish state competition it proposed to reduce the banker, the grain dealer, the miller, the packer and what middleman not, to the control of an agrarian dictatorship. The old-time masters of commerce and of politics were to be made their servants. The chamber of commerce was to be under the heel of an association of farmers. So the average business man saw it, and he was not much mistaken. The league did propose a transfer of class control, a political and economic overturn. Nothing less was the stake. The cataclysm had already occurred in North Dakota. It threatened the surrounding states. Such a contest could be no such genial pillow fight as Democrats and Republicans commonly engage in.

That was the issue. It was not a new alignment. Thirty years ago western farmers went into politics for the purpose, among many others, of shackling the middleman. The Populist party made scarce a dent in the enemy armor before it died. From its fall to the recent rise of the Nonpartisan League nothing has been heard in politics of the middleman. The league has risen and, its opponents think, fallen, without accomplishing anything outside North Dakota. Elsewhere the middleman would seem to be safe as ever. Yet if one casts his eye over such a middle-western state as Nebraska, he sees things in strange unaccord with that supposition. Let the village of Potter illustrate.

Potter is a place of a few hundred souls in the new wheat Eden of what was lately the cow country of western Nebraska. The grain elevator through which the farmers about Potter market their wheat is owned and operated by themselves through a co-operative association. This association also markets their live stock and it has put in a flouring mill and handles certain lines of farmers' supplies. An electric plant was needed to light the association's buildings. While they were about it the farmers put in a plant large enough to light the whole village. At Potter, accordingly, the farmers have eliminated the grain middleman, the livestock middleman, the miller manufacturer and middleman, part of the retail middleman and have made themselves public utility magnates "exploiting" the town folk. And there are many scores of Potters in the state of Nebraska.

About the time of the waning of the populists, twenty-odd years ago, Nebraska farmers began taking the local marketing of grain into their own hands. By steady, sure growth, the number of farmers' elevators has increased to about four hundred, enough to control the local marketing of grain. With the handling of grain has usually gone the handling of coal. The local marketing of livestock is now largely in the hands of farmers' elevator associations or associations formed for the special purpose. To take care of the central market the farmers now have cooperative commission agencies at Omaha and other packing centres. At Omaha they handled last year $9,000,000 worth of live stock and returned to shippers in patronage dividends fifty per cent of their commission charges. There are now many cooperative lumber yards and implement stores. Two cooperative centralized creameries and many flouring mills, large and small, are now in operation. Long ago,

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by means of county mutuals, the farmers took command of their own fire insurance.

Lately the farmers have returned to the cooperative general store. In this complicated undertaking they meet with many failures, yet the number grows. There are now about two hundred such stores centring about a cooperative wholesale association with a million dollars of farmers' money. They are now thinking some day of acquiring a coal mine, possibly with the cooperative wholesale association as owner, operator and distributor. Cooperative banks are in the offing.

An account of the wreckage which strews the path of this movement would be a witness to its momentum. All the farmers' stores and factories of the granger movement are dead. The average private grain dealer can tell endless true tales of incompetency and mismanagement in the operation of farmers' elevators. The story of the stores is even more ghastly. At the beginning the farmers knew nothing of cooperative practice. The first farmers' elevators were merely farmer owned corporations. The farmers were often victimized by promoters bent on organizing cooperative enterprises for a commission or a profit. All these ill conceived ventures and numberless well conceived, but badly managed ones, fell by the wayside. Yet cooperative business grows incorrigibly on. The farmers seem to like to lose their money that way.

Having mastered the local grain market, Nebraska farmers are now incorporating a cooperative terminal elevator to connect them directly with the miller and the exporter. That is the Nebraska proposal for taking the measure of the big final middleman in grain, the end sought by North Dakota through state owned terminal elevators.

About 75,000 farmers, nearly two-thirds of all the farmers of the state, are now members of one or more of these cooperative associations. At that, the movement is young. The farmers' union, which has grown in about eight years to a Nebraska membership of about 40,000, devotes itself mainly to the promotion of cooperative enterprise. A force of organizers is kept busy meeting calls for help in starting new local associations. Now there is coming into the field a new organization, the farm bureau, which promises further to unify the farmers for their conquest of distribution. Among other things, it is planned to take over, through an association organized under farm bureau auspices, the entire marketing of livestock for member farmers. The single buyer whom the farmer is accustomed to meeting at the stockyards bids fair soon to confront a single seller. The farmer seems to be on the way to being as organized and as class conscious as capital or labor.

Following California experience, the pooling of crops is beginning. The Nebraska wool growers are beginning to pool their clip. The potato growers, the apple growers, the sugar beet growers and the milk producers have their special association designing ways to eliminate the dealer and the speculator. Even wheat growers, unterrified at the size of the job, are casting their eyes in the direction of a federated national association powerful enough to beard the lion of the grain exchange in his pit.

The farmers can be forgiven some smiles at sight of worried business men in furious pursuit of the Nonpartisan League. While the business men chased the league out of the window, the cooperators strolled in by the door. Whatever it has not done for itself in Nebraska, the league has been a boon to the cooperative movement. It has drawn the fire, leaving the cooperators to advance unopposed. Thus without resort to politics the Nebraskan farmers have taken much of the territory which the assailed business men fought the league to save. They had taken much of it, in fact, before the league was thought of. And what they have taken is less important than what they have got in position to take.

The farmers of Nebraska—and it should be understood that a similar process is under way throughout the West,—have done this much by and for themselves. Still, when it has pleased them to look to the state for succor they have not hesitated to do so; nor have they waited for Nonpartisan League help. Without resort to politics Nebraska farmers have made such inroads on middleman territory that the middlemen of Nebraska, where the Nonpartisan League has been kept under, have lost no less of their grip than middlemen of North Dakota, where the league prevailed.

When different communities go to the same mark by such different routes as Nebraska and North Dakota have taken, one looks for a common force, deeper than political or economic methods. Such a common force is distinctly visible. A fundamental and apparently irresistible shifting of equilibrium is under way in the agricultural West. Circumstances and the character of the resistance modify the form and direction of the movement. They do not stop it.

For fifty years the farmers have been accumulating weariness at being mere growers of products, leaving the returns to providence and the middleman. That feeling began with the beginnings of monopolistic manipulation of distribution. Abuses of transportation were first attacked, notably in the granger movement. The populists broadened the attack to include other businesses which were developing monopolistic tendencies, such as the grain

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business. The movement which is now beginning to shake the business structure of the farmer states is that same movement at last grown efficient. Belatedly but effectively the farmers have learned their lesson from capital and labor. They, too, can play the combination game. They have learned, as we see in Nebraska, the art of economic cooperation. In North Dakota, as we see, they have been able to teach the politicians new political tricks. The farmers have not only a determination to capture their market; they have at last the skill to capture it.

This is the underlying, compelling fact. The different shapes which the movement takes reflect merely its different history and environment and its different local needs. There is a plain reason why Nebraska developed in one way and North Dakota in another, a reason charged with wisdom for those able to receive it. Different natural conditions account in some part for the variation, but in the main it is the old difference between growth and cataclysm. Nebraska was permitted to grow. North Dakota was not.

Nebraska accomplished a political emancipation in 1906. It overturned the railroad ring at that time in control of its politics and clinched the job with direct primaries and direct legislation.

This abrogation of railroad and other special interest control of politics enabled farmers to obtain trackage for their elevators, commonly denied before. It enabled them to enforce equality in railroad service and rates for their various enterprises. It led to state supervision of the stockyards through which most of Nebraska's livestock passes to market. It paved the way in general for the farmers' cooperation which I have described.

In North Dakota the corresponding political reform was long held in check. There the familiar machine kept its grip for another ten years. Legislatures continued contemptuous of farmer demands. Grievances such as were redressed one by one in Nebraska piled up in North Dakota to be redressed, finally, all at once. The dam had to burst some time. When the flood finally came, the Nonpartisan League, with its sweeping program of quick relief, was the natural resort. It was too late then to satisfy North Dakota with a slow curing cooperative remedy. The masters of North Dakota had permitted a desperate disease to develop. Their reward was a drastic remedy.

Western farmers are not naturally partial to state adventures in business. They are as far from socialistic as a people could get, especially that half of them who still own the farms they till. They have too little confidence in the ways of politics to want any more business under political control than is absolutely necessary. Nebraska's course of conquest by economic cooperation, is the natural one to the western farmer. North Dakota's course was an emergency product. But the farmers are not theoretical. They act according to circumstances. The Nebraskans took the North Dakota route when an emergency demanded a state hog culture serum plant. Crowd them to it and they will do the same in any other case, league or no league.

The business man's autocracy, whatever of it there was, is going. It has only one thing to gain from beating the league. That is the chance that this may facilitate conquest by farmer cooperation rather than farmer controlled state competition. Here the clearer headed business man has a decided preference.

The Nebraska middleman has probably lost his ground more irretrievably than his North Dakota neighbor. Yet Nebraska business is more content. Many business men, perhaps a majority, have ignorantly opposed cooperators and leaguers indiscriminately. Not so the middleman with eyes in his head and sporting blood in his veins. To him state competition is one thing. It is competition that pays no taxes and may even tax him for its support. It holds over him the power of life and death. Cooperative associations, standing on their own bottom, are another thing. These, he admits, permanently narrow his field and end his hope of salvation in a monopoly heaven. But they are fair competition, one system against another. They permit the private middleman to thrive according to his merits. Many a middleman who fights the Nonpartisan League as for his life says to the cooperative associations: "Come on in. If I cannot survive in fair competition with you, I deserve to die."

Whether the farmer's conquest takes this course or the other is a question lying largely with those in present control of the politics and business of the agricultural states. The farmer is on his way. Where he is as numerous, wealthy and intelligent as he is in the grain growing states, he is going to arrive. I do not think that anything can prevent his setting up and maintaining whether by economic action or political or both, a force of his own to balance the economic power of private business and industry. Where he is resisted too long and strongly and blindly, as in North Dakota, he is apt to go by radical jumps. Where he is let go his own way, as in Nebraska, he goes by cautious, sure steps. In any case, he goes.

WALTER LOCKE

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Ante Lucem

THAT our boys and girls are better informed at ten or twelve than our grand-parents were at twenty is proven beyond argument by school taxes and bills. Books, books, books. Dozens of them to each child! Great-grandfather probably had not more than two or three. Indeed, if his earliest years were passed upon British soil, as was the case with many of our ancestors, it is quite likely he had but one, and a copy of that one lies before me.

It came out of a rusty-hinged box containing also a curl of flaxen and one of dark-brown hair laid between folds of yellowed paper, a "sampler," the rusty needle darned across the letter "q," the little fingers that left it there having neatly finished the faded capitals above, and a doll with red-cheeked china head sewed to sawdust-oozing body. Under these things lay the book upon the fly-leaf of which is written the names of Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt, the latter of whom died in her eleventh year, and out of which they obtained the education that shrivels to such trifling proportions in the glare of learning flooding the brains of their young descendants of today.

The book has 167 pages, the first showing a gentleman with large head and hands, seated in a great chair and lifting a warning finger at a little boy in frilled trousers who stands before him. Beside the gentleman is a desk with feathered pen sticking up in an inkwell, and a huge open book. Behind the little boy other scholars sit, studying deeply. Beneath the picture:

> Delightful task! To rear the tender Thought,
> To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
> To pour the fresh instruction o'er the Mind,
> To breathe the enlivening Spirit, and to fix
> The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.

The gentleman engaged in this delightful task appears to be enjoying himself more than does the little boy whose breast is, or should be, glowing. Next the title page:

> The English Spelling Book
> Accompanied by a Progressive Series of
> EASY AND FAMILIAR LESSONS
> Intended
> As an Introduction to the English Language
> BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LLD.,
> Rector of Stonefield; Vicar of Hurley; Chaplain to the Earl of Moira; and Author of THE BRITISH NEPOS.

Then the Preface:

> The parts of this Spelling-book of peculiar importance which should be committed to memory before the Child is ten years old are the three spelling tables of proper names in the 110th and following pages; the definitions of the Arts and Sciences; the list of countries and their chief cities; the Pence, Multiplication and other Tables, and the definitions of the Parts of Speech with the short Syntax; the Church Catechism, the two Short Catechisms of Dr. Watts, the Social Catechism of Mr. Barrow, the Prayers and Pieces of Poetry should be committed to memory. The list of Resembling Words, the Stops and Marks, the French and Latin Words and Phrases, the Abbreviations following these, Dr. Franklin's advice, the Moral and Practical Observations, and the Survey of the Universe may be intermixed with other studies according to the discretion of the Tutor.
>
> When the pupil has made some progress in this work he will be qualified to proceed to Blair's Reading Exercises and from thence to the Class Book and THE BRITISH NEPOS.

Now for the information of "peculiar importance" which Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt memorized and absorbed before they were ten years old:

First comes an Alphabet delightfully illustrated by an Ape, a Bell, a Church, a Dog, and so on. As the rollicking monkey who helps to memorize "M" is drinking a glass of wine, one must regretfully infer that Dr. Mavor was a "wet," and the rabbit nibbling lettuce over "R" would make any boy want to run to his rabbit-hutch rather than prepare himself for an attack upon The British Nepos. Pyramids of two, three and four-letter words follow and then reading-lessons in which Great-grandfather is severely told that: "You are a bad boy if you pull off the leg of a fly," and Great-grandaunt is darkly warned: "Do as you are bid or it may be bad for you."

Two, three and four-syllable words then pile up in solemn columns, followed by a story about a little boy who, instead of going to school, wandered around in the fields and had a splendid time until he noticed that every other living thing was busy, the bees, the birds, the plowing horses, even the dog that minded the sheep, upon which he repented and ran off to school and learned his lessons and made great strides towards The British Nepos. And he must have worked very hard indeed to overtake and pass page 110 before he was ten years old.

Upon reaching that milepost on Learning's road he found eight pages, each divided into three columns of proper names with the pronunciation and spelling of which he must do successful battle. Here are a few of them:

Ab-er-isth-with	Di-ot-re-phes	Lib-o-pho-ni-ces
Ach-ae-me-nia	Epaph-ro-di-tus	Mne-sim-a-chus
Bo-rys-the-nes	Gym-nos-o-phis-tae	Neb-u-chad-nez-zar
Hec-a-tom-pho-nia	Te-haph-ne-nes	Tryph-i-o-do-rus

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Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt, not being accustomed to the strain of twentieth century studies, may have felt a little tired after their daily set-to with even a part of these eight pages, and perhaps were glad to spend an hour upon the Definitions of the Arts and Sciences peculiarly important for them to know before they were ten years old. When Great-grandfather was asked: "What is Geometry?" he answered:

> This sublime science teaches the relations of magnitude, and the properties of surfaces. In an extended sense it is the science of demonstration. It includes the greater part of mathematics, and is generally preferred to logic in teaching the art of reasoning.

When Great-grandaunt was asked: "What is Biography?" she replied:

> Biography records the lives of eminent men, and may be called the science of life and manners. It teaches from experience and is therefore most useful to youth. See THE BRITISH NEPOS and Abridged Plutarch.

Then, if it should be inquired of Great-grandfather: "What is Criticism?" he would say:

> Criticism is an Art which teaches us to write with propriety and taste, but greatly abused by writers of anonymous reviews, who make a trade of it and sell their opinion.

Suspicion whispers that some anonymous critic may have said unkind things about The British Nepos, or possibly about Dr. Mavor's verse. He evidently knows all about that, because a question Great-grandaunt had to manage, if it came in her turn, was: "What is Poetry?" the answer to that old riddle being:

> Poetry is a speaking picture, representing real or fictitious events by a succession of mental imagery, generally delivered in measured numbers. It at once refines the heart and elevates the soul.

Dr. Mavor, of course, had no acquaintance with vers libre.

After Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt had defined Cosmography, Anatomy, Ethics, Logic, Optics, Religion, Law, and other little things like that, they spent some time upon Countries and their Capitals, the Multiplication Table, the Parts of Speech, Short Rules for Speaking and Writing Grammatically, the Stops and Marks, and some foreign words and phrases enabling them to converse with greater elegance than if confined to the English language alone. It must have sounded better for Great-grandfather to say to Greatgrandaunt: "I admire your sang froid," rather than "I like your nerve!" And if Great-grandaunt said to Great-grandfather: "Your behavior is somewhat outré," he must have been less put out than had she exclaimed: "You clumsy thing!"

The next mental exercise of Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt was the Church Catechism, the two Short Catechisms (one having twenty-six and the other thirty-seven questions) of Dr. Watts, and the Social Catechism of Mr. Barrow. This gentleman had written many books known collectively as Barrow's Young Christian's Library, but only his Social Catechism was of such peculiar importance that it must be learned before the Young Christian was ten years old. Among thirty questions here are a few:

> Q. What is the King? (Kings of 1920 please note the answer).
> A. The supreme power entrusted with the execution of the laws, the fountain of honor and mercy, the head of the church, and the director of the naval and military forces of the empire.
>
> Q. What are the chief objects of the laws?
> A. The prevention of crimes by punishment for the example of others, such as death, transportation, imprisonment, whipping and pillory.
>
> Q. What are the means of avoiding offences?
> A. Constantly to avoid temptation; to shun bad or loose company; never to spend more than your income; never to do what your conscience tells you is wrong; always to remember that you are in the presence of God who will punish you hereafter if you escape the punishment of the laws of this world.
>
> Q. What are the other motives for avoiding crime?
> A. The experience of all wicked men that a life of crime is a life of trouble, torment and misery; their frequent declarations that they would give the world itself to be restored to innocency and virtue; also the known fact that content, health, cheerfulness and happiness attend a good conscience and an honest and virtuous life.

If Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt followed Mr. Barrow's advice they were assuredly pretty safe, but to clinch the matter they had to memorize before they were ten years old five pages of such "Moral Observations" as these:

> Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.
>
> A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live contentedly.
>
> Some men miss the prize of prosperity by procrastination; others by impatience and precipitancy.
>
> Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it rests only in the bosom of fools.

This last suggests a warning to the Young Christian against harboring any bitterness towards Mr. Barrow.

Foreseeing that Great-grandfather might be destined for business life he had to assimilate before his tenth year the advice of Benjamin Franklin to "young persons intended for trade." For example:

> Beware of thinking all your own that you possess and

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of living accordingly. Keep an exact account of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains to enumerate particulars you will discover how wonderfully small expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been saved without occasioning any great inconvenience. The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

Even to the hard-pressed school-boys and girls of today a Survey of the Universe might seem a rather large order to "intermix with other studies," but Dr. Mavor required it of his pupils, and Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt learned that:

Everything in the Universe is systematical; all is combination, affinity and connexion.

Also they had to know a good deal about the System in which the Earth moves, the planets, their orbits, their relative size and importance. However, they were allowed to take a certain amount for granted, for Dr. Mavor says:

From what we know of our own system it may be reasonably concluded that all the rest are with equal wisdom contrived, situated, and provided with accommodations for rational inhabitants. Let us, therefore, take a survey of the System to which we belong, the only one accessible to us, and thence we shall be the better enabled to judge of the nature of the other systems of the universe.

It is perhaps fortunate that other solar systems were not accessible to Dr. Mavor, and that Great-grandfather and Great-grandaunt were not asked to make a survey extending farther than our own before they were ten years old, because, not being used to protracted mental effort as are our children, they might have become tired and discouraged while still quite young and never have reached THE BRITISH NEPOS.

FRANCES E. GALE.

Russian Impressions

IV. The Communist Party

THE Russian Communists have been compared to Plato's guardians, to the French Jacobins and to the British bureaucracy in India. No analogy can give the faintest conception of the wildness and improbability of this adventure, by which a small minority, mainly composed of manual workers, has brought a vast empire under an absolute dictatorship, and based its rule so securely, that every recent visitor to Russia, however hostile, has confessed that no conceivable alternative exists. The world has known aristocracies of race, of wealth, of birth, of talent. Any one of the rival parties in Russia could show a superiority over the Communists, in all these particulars. But the Communists surpass their rivals in two respects, firstly in discipline and secondly in their miraculous courage, their heroic rashness, their fanatical, unwavering faith, which seems alternately stupid and sublime.

THE CONSPIRATORS OF YESTERDAY

The history of this party under Tsardom goes far to explain its present mentality. Its very existence was a conspiracy. It learned secrecy, suspicion and discipline as the first conditions of success, nay of survival, in its perpetual struggle with the police. It had to meet espionage with counter-espionage. It acquired the habit of unquestioning obedience to orders, because the safety and even the lives of all the comrades might depend on the punctuality and precision of each. No one questioned or criticized before acting, for prudence required that only the chiefs should know the plan itself, or the reasons for its adoption. Again and again, in close contact with the men who are running the bureaucratic machine of Russia today, I was puzzled by some trait of character, until I recollected that those who are rulers today, were hunted conspirators yesterday. It is this severe training, which taught them to despise pleasure, to dread drink, to keep a secret, to obey orders, and to live with every sense and thought alert, which gives them their incontestable superiority over the idle, pleasure-loving, undisciplined upper class, which forms the White armies.

Everyone knows that the Russian Communist party contains only about 600,000 men and women. Few realize, however, that it is, now more than ever, more careful to keep itself select than to increase its numbers. It is in this respect more like a religious order than any political party which we know in the west. You may enter it only if several members guarantee your reliability, from intimate personal knowledge. Even then you are received not as a member, but only as a "candidate." The novice must submit to regular courses of instruction in the doctrines of the party. He is not received until he passes an examination in the creed. I heard of a recent case in which eight out of twelve candidates were flunked, for lack of this theoretic knowledge, and sent back to take their schooling over again. Far more severe is the scrutiny of a candidate's conduct. Does he absent himself from party-meetings, is he negligent in his public work, is he slow to obey orders? He will not be received. Nor does the scrutiny cease after his admission. Any slackness, any want of zeal, any indiscipline, any conduct inconsistent with socialist ethics will entail his expulsion. To drink or play cards would be fatal; even dancing is frowned upon, and there is a tendency to check smoking. The unpardonable sin is any pursuit of gain. At intervals a regular purge, known as "revision," is carried out in the party, and unworthy members are expelled. It is on record that the doors of the party were once thrown wide open for a week. It was in the black autumn of 1919, when Yudenich had all but taken Petrograd, when Denikin had advanced to Orel within striking distance of Moscow, and Poles and Finns might at any moment set on. Any one who joined in that dark hour, must, it was thought, be sincere. Entry, it must be added, is always easier for manual workers than for "intellectuals," and these latter form an infinitesimal fraction

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of the party, though most of the older leaders belong to this suspect class.

The reasons for keeping the party select are as potent as they ever were. The Revolution is still fighting for its life. When an army wavers, Communist volunteer battalions are thrown into the breach. When a regiment lacks steadiness, a percentage of Communists is introduced into its ranks. When a factory works ill, a few Communist workmen are introduced into its staff. When a village is disaffected, one or two Communists are sent to live in it. They are the active, nervous, conscious element in the sluggish Russian body. They are the élite of the Revolution and every man and woman among them is expected to have will and magnetism enough to infuse some of his zeal into others. If the party were to deteriorate, if it became less zealous, less self-sacrificing, less audacious, the revolution itself would collapse. Another reason is no less compelling. It is obvious that a party which monopolizes power, must attract those whose sole object is to make a career. That element the older members, who proved their devotion in the years of persecution, are sternly resolved to exclude.

How far do they succeed? I put this question to many people, both adherents and opponents of the party. The usual Communist answer ran somewhat thus: "We Communists have duties, but no privileges. We are expected at a moment's notice to obey the commands of the party, and to leave our homes for whatever work is assigned to us, be it organization, administration, fighting or agitation. We are all so overworked, that we look on a mobilization order to join the army, as the beginning of a holiday. And yet if it is to the army we are sent, we must face dangers which others escape. The Communist corps are what Germans call 'shock troops' and Russians 'Battalions of Death.' There is no quarter for them in the civil war, and even the Poles shoot every Communist prisoner.* The Commissioners in the army are always shot, if captured, and sometimes tortured first. The "White Guards" have been known to slaughter every Communist whom they could identify among the civilian population when they took a town. If the Revolution should be overthrown, most of us will be massacred. We submit voluntarily to a higher standard of conduct than is imposed upon others. If a Communist officer drinks, if a Communist official steals or takes bribes, he is relentlessly shot, whereas a non-Communist is only imprisoned. Nothing less than strong conviction would induce a man to join our party."

OPPORTUNITIES OF POWER AND COMMAND

This answer is true so far as it goes. On the other hand, it is obvious that nine Communists in ten enjoy opportunities of power and command which would never come to them under any other regime. That is true of all the workmen, and of the Jews at least among the intellectuals. It is always hard to distinguish where ambition begins, and a pure zeal for service ends. Most of these men have broken out of cramped lives which would have brought them little or no opportunity, and now enjoy the widest scope. To some the attraction of the new life may be the importance which they have suddenly attained: to others it is undoubtedly the joy in a creative work. Any Revolution in Russia which upset the old Tsarist bureaucracy would have brought a new class to power. The "Cadets" (Liberals) are mainly capitalists, shopkeepers, and professional men. The "Mensheviks" and the "Social Revolutionaries" are largely intellectuals, who have a following, in the former case of artisans, and in the latter, of farmers and wealthy peasants. The Communists differ from the other socialist parties in having a much smaller general staff of intellectuals, and a much bigger mass of industrial workers.

* This is true. So Polish officers frankly told me in the spring of 1919.

PURITANISM

The harsher critics of the Communists usually accuse them of abusing their power to make themselves materially comfortable. The charge of luxury is grossly false. Wherever I had a chance of observing them at close quarters (as for example at Minsk during the Peace Conference) the most responsible Bolshevik officials lived in exactly the same way as their typists and clerks. They dress with the utmost simplicity, and the flats in the Kremlin occupied by the People's Commissioners (Cabinet) are merely the chambers of former officers of the guard. The only elements of partial truth in this accusation are, I think, (1) that everyone, whether Communist or non-Communist, who travels on official business, can do so more comfortably than the general public, and (2) that all who do important work, including the army, the teaching profession and the munition workers, whether they are Communists or not, are rationed on the highest scale. That is essential for efficient administration. One hears much of favoritism in the distribution of clothes and food. One such case on a big scale in the provinces (at Podolsk), was recently exposed by the Soviet inspectors, which means that the party as a whole regarded it as reprehensible. Scandals of this type are not uncommon, and probably there is more corruption and more favoritism than is ever exposed. Both were always habitual in Russia. If an opposition press existed, the gain from its criticism, both in honesty and efficiency would be immense. One must, however, say for the Communists, that they punish detected offenders with terrible severity. Indeed, they probably err here by excess, for if a man's colleagues know that by exposing him, they will cause him to be shot, they may spare him, as they would not, if the penalty were milder. At present the Communists are certainly not mainly or even largely a party of arrivistes, and their stern discipline may save them from this blight for some time to come. The severe test will arrive, if ever they enjoy ease, prosperity and peace. At present their tendency is rather to a puritanical fanaticism.

THE RUTHLESS HUMANITARIANS

With these virile qualities, one must add that the Communist party disdains the mercies and the graces of life. Its journalistic and controversial style is rough and crude. Its intellectual basis is curiously dogmatic, and even Lenin is apt to settle the largest theoretic questions by a simple reference, in the manner of a pedantic theologian to the authority of Marx or Engels. The general level of ability in the party did not strike me as unusually high, and a gap seemed to separate the bigger men, Lenin, Trotsky, (to my thinking by far the more brilliant intelligence of these two, though not the stronger will), Tchicherin, Krassin and Radek, from their immediate lieutenants. Perhaps the oddest trait in the psychology of the party is its combination of ruthlessness with humanitarianism. It has no scruple about sacrificing life. I have heard the leaders talk of the masses of the Red Army as the abundant raw material of victory, very much as Tsarist statesmen used to talk. Few of them feel any compunction for the unnecessary sufferings of the

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dispossessed, and their ruthlessness towards workmen who strike or neglect their duty is even more remarkable. All this is combined with a humane work for children, for mothers and the sick which puts richer communities to shame. Fanaticism is not the whole explanation. The trait is Russian as well as Communist. One can understand Russians only by repeating daily to oneself the simple historical fact that they escaped the Renaissance, the Reformation and the French "Enlightenment"—all the movements which made our western tradition of individualism. With us these movements percolated downwards through church, chapel and the platform even to the uneducated. In Russia they touched only the intellectuals and that only in the last century. For good and for evil, Russians count in millions and not in units. Their attitude towards the value or rights of the individual can never be that of the west.

A PARTY OF YOUTH

The composition of this audacious party interested me greatly, and I found some illuminating statistics. It is the party of youth. Here, for example, is a classification of the Communist party of Samara town in July 1919, according to age.

Age	16—18 years,	67	members
"	19—30 "	1,353	"
"	31—40 "	607	"
Over	40 "	205	"

The men numbered 1,912, and the women only 247. Their occupations were as follows:—

Manual workers, 1,293.
Clerks and official employees, 489.
Peasants, 156.
Doctors, teachers, etc., 154.

The main body of the party in this case consists of male manual workers between twenty and thirty years of age. The proportion of "intellectuals" among the members was, I think, unusually high in Samara, and the proportion of women rather low. Very few peasants actually join the party. Thus in the province of Ryazan (central Russia) in November 1919, there were in the towns 3,369 members, but in the country only 938, which meant rather less than one in two hundred of the rural population. Another test is furnished by the statistics of the Sverdloff University at Moscow, the college in which the new ruling class is training its civil service. Here about a thousand young men and women, drawn from the working class, receive a rapid course of instruction in political science from the Communist standpoint. They study for six months, taking courses in political economy, the history of civilization, Russian history, statistics, and the history and doctrines of Marxist socialism. Thereafter, they specialize in some one department of administration (agriculture, food, education, etc.), and the lectures are followed by practical work in the ministry which specially interests them. One cannot make experts in six months, and a two years' course will be started this winter. The students seemed alert and full of mental life, and even the shorter course gives them an intellectual stimulus, and an invaluable introduction to home reading and private study. This college is only one of the innumerable schools and courses which train young men and women for every imaginable phase of public and social work. The students who are to form the civil service of the new Russia are nominated by the local soviets, the trade unions, the local Communist organizations, or the army. They represented no less than twenty-five nationalities, including even the half-civilized Asiatic races, but Great Russians predominated with 75 per cent, and Jews came next, though they had only 7.5 per cent. The women were less than one in five of the total number, and two thirds of the students were between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. The audacity of proletarian rule was revealed in the educational statistics. Seven per cent had had no schooling at all, and were described as self-taught, while 75 per cent had had an elementary education only. Exactly half the students had been industrial workers, the intellectual proletariat (clerks, teachers, etc.) came next with 31 per cent, while peasants accounted only for 15 per cent.* Over nine-tenths of the students were Communists in one degree or another of initiation, while 91 were classed as "non-party," a word which doubtless covers some timid Mensheviks.

BOY AND GIRL COMMUNISTS

The Communist party now recruits itself largely from the youths who are growing up to manhood and womanhood under the Revolution. The "Young Communist" organization, conducted entirely by the youths themselves, is, with its 400,000 members, nearly as numerous as the party itself. A deputation of four alert and unembarrassed youths of the Vladimir group, called on me one evening, partly to describe their own work and partly to ask me questions about the British Labor movement. They have 9,000 members in Vladimir province (one third of them girls), while the grown-up party has only 5,850. They arrange courses at which a lecturer deals, for example, with Karl Marx, and the group thereafter discusses the subject in his absence. They are also active in promoting sports and gymnastics, and I saw later a very good display. I asked them how far they were reaching the children of parents hostile to Socialism. They answered that in several cases they had enlisted the children of priests and of "Kulaks" (the word means "fists," and is a nickname for the close-fisted village traders, usurers and rich peasants), and they mentioned lads by name whose fathers had tried in vain to thrash the Communism out of them. With the children of "rich but not intelligent" families (as they quaintly put it) they usually failed. They left their weekly newspaper with me, and in it I found these typical reports of the activities of the "Communist Youth" elsewhere in Russia:

In a certain village, the "Communist Youth" has opened a factory for soap, and is distributing it free, with appeals for cleanliness.

In another village, a boot repairing workshop has been opened, to repair free of charge the boots of the families of absent soldiers.

Another: the group has organized itself to fight epidemics.

Another: the group has registered all illiterates from 16 to 50 years of age, and opened a class for them with 150 pupils.

Kazan: 35 libraries opened; 1,500 Moslem members enrolled, including 250 girls.

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* The actual numbers of the chief trade groups were: metal-workers 124; carpenters 47; tailors 50; textile workers 19; laborers 92; peasants 150; clerks 218; teachers 57; postal workers 31; miners 23; fishermen 12; electricians 20.

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Another: collected old iron and made ploughs for the peasants.

Suzdal (near Vladimir): the Secretary was censured for wasting his time at evening dances.

Turkestan: organized a collection for the starving children of Petrograd and Moscow.

These youths were very dogmatic and very sure of themselves, but they will make good citizens, who will help to organize Russia out of the sloth and passivity of centuries.

A MILLION AND A HALF DICTATORS

Even when one reckons their candidates, "sympathisers," and youthful converts, the Russian Communists can hardly number 1,500,000 persons. It seems a slender basis for a dictatorship over 120 millions, of whom about 80 millions are enfranchised adults. The fact of the dictatorship is boldly avowed. Thus Zinovieff, the head of the Petrograd administration, writes in the explanatory report presented to the recent Congress of the Third International:

> Every conscious proletarian in Russia knows that without the iron dictatorship of the Communist party, the Soviet government would not have retained power for three weeks, let alone for three years. . . . The dictatorship of the working class cannot be realized otherwise than by means of the dictatorship of its advance guard—the Communist party.

The survival of the dictatorship is a much more remarkable fact than its creation. Indeed, one of the ablest leaders told me that in 1917 they hardly hoped to maintain themselves for two months. Their opponents were more inert and more inept than they had realized. There is no doubt that in central Russia the majority of the population welcomed the Revolution. I was amazed to discover from a study of the statistics of the elections for the Constituent Assembly, taken on an orthodox democratic basis, that the Bolsheviks had polled a clear fifty-five per cent of all the votes cast in northern and central Russia, including Moscow, Petrograd, and the north-western and west-central armies. They were outvoted in the richer outlying parts of Russia, the Ukraine, the South, the Caucasus and Siberia, where the Social Revolutionaries predominated. These regions they have slowly conquered, thanks mainly to the folly and brutality of the "White" generals. If one asks how the dictatorship has been maintained, the answer is partly by unremitting propaganda, partly by terror, but chiefly by the adroit seizure of the decisive tactical "positions"—the Soviets, the trade unions, and the army.

HOW THE OPPOSITION IS REPRESSED

The Communists contrive to keep an overwhelming majority in the Soviets mainly by repressing the propaganda of their opponents. The worst detail of the Soviet system, as it exists in Russia, is that all voting is open, and usually by a show of hands, so that every opponent becomes a marked man. For the inequality which favors industrial constituencies as against the backward rural areas, some defence may be made. The franchise is now almost universal, for the employing class which was originally excluded, is now in the main absorbed among the salaried workers, save in the richer agricultural districts, where wealthy peasant-employers survive. It is broadly true that there is now no opposition press in Russia, though the Left Social-Revolutionaries have a monthly organ, and the Jewish parties, not yet wholly absorbed, have several weekly papers. The Menshevik leaders told me of their difficulties. They can get no paper, which is a government monopoly, for pamphlets or leaflets at election time. They can rarely hire a hall for public meetings, though they can and do speak at the meetings called by the various bodies of electors (e. g. Soviet employees). They succeed as a rule only in factories where propaganda can be done by word of mouth. Even so, on one pretext or another, their candidates are sometimes disqualified, and their elected members are occasionally expelled (e. g. in one case for refusing to join in the election of Lenin and Trotsky as honorary presidents of the Soviet). They are none the less a tolerated and legal opposition. Other parties, notably the Right Social Revolutionaries and the "Cadets" (Liberals) which openly support the "Whites" in the Civil War, are, of course, not tolerated at all as open organizations.

THE CAPTURE OF THE UNIONS AND THE ARMY

The governing bodies of the trade unions have been gradually captured by the Communists, in most cases by peaceful means. The facts seem to be that many of the workmen who formerly belonged to the Mensheviks or Social Revolutionaries, have gone over to the Communists. Two unions, which had special economic reasons for discontent, the printers and the chemical workers, were drastically dealt with this year, and their mainly "Menshevik" executives dissolved. The cooperative organization has been taken in hand by similar methods, and its central governing organization is now dominated by Communists. Both are now, in effect, official organizations, which represent the whole body of citizens, as producers and as consumers. Finally, the army will, sooner or later, be officered solely by Communists. The professional officers of the old regime, on whom at first Trotsky had to rely for the creation of the Red Army, have grown with each campaign less indispensable, as men were promoted from the ranks and trained in the red cadet battalions. Entry into the military schools, as Trotsky announced in a recent speech, is now confined exclusively to Communists. That means that so long as the men obey their officers, the army will be a trustworthy tool of the party. It also means, that though the army may be used for aggressive revolutionary designs upon neighboring states, it could not conceivably be induced to support a military dictatorship. For all these young proletarian officers party discipline means more than military discipline.

Such democracy as there is in Russia exists within the Communist party, and not outside it. It is a grave mistake to suppose that Lenin rules it as an autocrat. Every new departure in Russian policy, whether internal or external, is debated at the elected Congresses of the party, and its elected executive is the real controlling power, whose sanction is required even for rapid decisions. The inevitable divisions of opinion are often sharply marked in the party and among its leaders. Tchicherin and Radek are now the ablest moderates, while Zinovieff and Bucharin lead the Left. Lenin balances, and holds the party together. The official press is by no means tame, and writers of the Left often supply the lack of an opposition. Controversies between leading Communists in the press are not infrequent. The vote of the Party Congress, however, closes all debate, and the minority submits absolutely. Meetings of the party are always held before the sittings of the national and provincial soviets, and all important decisions are taken in advance, with the result that the party appears in public as a solid block, voting as one man.

With the Soviets, the trade unions, the cooperatives and

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the army under its control, the Communist party commands the whole organized life in Russia. Behind these open organs of the dictatorship there works the formidable apparatus of the Terror, managed by the Extraordinary Commission. In its early days the dictatorship was mild. It is true that leading opponents were placed under preventive arrest, but apart from some murders, there were at first no authorized executions. Indeed, among those arrested were several of the generals who have since led the "White" armies. They were released and repaid this clemency ill. The main business of the Extraordinary Commission was at first to cope with the anarchy and insecurity which had been inherited from the Kerensky regime. It rounded up robbers and brigands, and shot them ruthlessly. The real political "Terror" began only in the moment of panic which followed the attempt to assassinate Lenin in the autumn of 1918. Some of the more sophisticated Left Wing Communists consciously wished to repeat the excesses of 1793, and the conditions of the time,—the hostile coalition of foreign Powers, the alliance between the native opposition and the external foe, the use of money by the enemy Powers to foment internal conspiracy and discontent,—all reproduced the atmosphere of the French Terror.

8,500 EXECUTED BY THE EXTRAORDINARY COMMISSION

One must concede that an efficient political police was necessary to cope with the plots which are inevitable in any Civil War. An insecure government, moreover, is driven to an excessive use of the death penalty, for the simple reason that imprisonment does not deter, when the opposition believes that a counter-revolution, which will release all prisoners, is imminent. The Extraordinary Commission, which, of course, examines its prisoners, but allows no regular, open trial, admits to shooting 8,500 persons up to May of this year. Without an accurate classification, it is hard to form a judgment on these figures. Most of those executed were taken at the front. Some were military deserters; others were marauders and bandits; some were guilty of peculation and corruption, a terrible crime in a hunger-stricken land; others were spies and active conspirative agents of the foreign and domestic enemy in a bitter civil war. It is impossible to guess how many, under the vaguer charges of "Speculation" or "Counter-revolution," were really the victims of class hatred and partisan intolerance, but the number, whatever it is, is too high.

I doubt, however, whether many have suffered merely for hostile political opinions. The leaders of the Menshevik party told me that only eleven of their active members had been executed since the beginning of the Revolution. The "Terror" should have ended last February, when the Extraordinary Commission was deprived of its power to pass death sentences, but with the Polish offensive, executions began again, and averaged this summer (I quote high Communist authority) three hundred a month. Almost worse than the bloodshed, is the demoralization caused by this irresponsible tyranny. Its directors have developed the casuistry of all fanatics. All means for them are good which seem to their narrow minds to serve the end, and humanity and truth are consciously disregarded, if the cause of Communism may thereby, on a short view, be served. Communists have a trick of laughing at "bourgeois morality," and though it may be plausibly argued, that our current ethics have been formed to suit the capitalist system, this argument in the mouths of half-educated men becomes a pretext for disregarding all morality. The Extraordinary Commission, though comparatively mild in the provinces, has in the great towns poisoned all social and corporate life by its over-developed system of espionage. Nor does it scruple to employ the agent provocateur. By its ugly example, it is turning to meanness and ruthlessness multitudes of young men whose natural temper is open and generous. Unless its activities are speedily ended, it will go far to blight the humanitarian side of Russian Communism. It is crushing civic courage, and demoralizing alike those who use it, and those who submit to it.

PERSUASION THE FIRST RESORT, RIFLES THE LAST

I should give a false impression of Communist tactics, if I allowed the reader to suppose that the party relies solely on force. It never scruples to use it. It takes the shortest road to its end. One trifling illustration shows its method. Long before the first Revolution the Academy of Sciences recommended a new orthography. Tsardom did nothing. Then Kerensky came in, and "imposed" the new spelling by a decree. Nothing happened and no one obeyed. The Bolsheviks succeeded them, and at once enforced the new system by the simple expedient of sending Red Guards round to all the printing offices to remove the type of the superfluous letters abolished by the Academy. With Kerensky and his school the word was the beginning —and the end. The Bolsheviks are men of action. Yet no government in the civilized world makes an adroiter use than they, of the methods of persuasion, propaganda and education. Rifles are ready in the last resort, but placards are lavishly used to economize powder and shot. The walls of every town are covered with the kind of colored cartoons, humorous drawings, and whimsical rhymes which in England one sees only during elections. Every crisis, every difficulty is used to read the plain man a lesson in economics and geography. He may go short of sugar or cotton or oil, but at least the Soviet government takes care to explain to him exactly why he goes short. A picture map of Russia shows him precisely how the Civil War cuts him off from these things. Even the peasants, who formerly had no conception at all of Russia, as a state, or as an economic whole, are beginning to grasp its unity. Other posters deal with the transport crisis, and the man in the street learns to watch the successes of the railway repairing shops, much as he follows the march of the Red Armies.

ADROIT PROPAGANDA

The result is that the workmen in these shops feel that the eyes of a nation are upon them. Placards illustrate pictorially all the various means of social service which happen at the moment to be most required, from nursing wounded soldiers to clearing the snow from railway tracks,—a simple lesson in civic morals, by pictures which even the illiterate could understand. One placard that I saw, appealed for the more equal treatment of women, and quoted some unpleasant Russian proverbs as shameful symptoms of the brutality of the past. Others are in a gayer vein, and pour satire, often rough but usually amusing, on the three enemies of the Revolution—the capitalist, the aristocratic soldier and the priest. Every railway station and every provincial town has its "agit punkt," a public reading room, hung with these cartoons, in which leaflets are distributed and speeches made. I saw these places packed. There are travelling libraries which peram-

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bulate all the railways, distributing pamphlets, leaflets and books. There are also the famous propaganda trains, six in number, equipped with every device of publicity—a theatre, a cinematograph, a band, a printing press, and lecturers who can discourse in all the languages of Russia on every topic of the day, from the crimes of Wrangel and Millerand down to the best way of destroying lice. These methods are making life infinitely more interesting than it was. Capitalist society makes the mind of the people by its unorganized quasi-monopoly of the printing press. The Communists by their organized monopoly are steadily and rapidly making the mind of this receptive Russian nation. One example will show the curious combination of persuasion and force. There is an armed gendarmerie whose business it is to collect the requisitioned grain from the peasants. Tolstoi has described the floggings with which taxes were collected in the old days. The Communist gendarmes start work by holding a meeting at which expert "agitators" (this word is freely used) play on the feelings of the peasants, and paint the dire need of the towns and the army. Then the gendarmes take off their coats, borrow scythes and help to gather the harvest. Only if they have entirely failed, by eloquence and good offices, to win the peasants, is force used to take the grain.

I spent a morning at Vladimir in talking to Communist "agitators" (the most interesting and attractive of them were women), whose business it is to work among the peasants. It is hard work to induce the mothers in the villages to trust their children to the new schools. No force is used. Instead, excursions of mothers are organized to see the kindergartens in the towns, and presently appeals come pouring in for the creation of similar institutions in the villages. The "agitators" are never satisfied until they have set the younger and more intelligent women to work on some kind of social service, and they are slowly coming forward now to take training courses as nursing sisters or kindergarten teachers. I saw one of the latter courses at Vladimir, and heard the young women, all peasants or former factory workers, discussing child psychology with real interest and intelligence.

THE DECAY OF SUPERSTITION

The chief difficulty in the villages is the religious question. There is full religious toleration in Russia, but the Communist party is fiercely anti-clerical, and conducts an unremitting controversy with the Orthodox Church—certainly the most reactionary and the most grossly superstitious form of belief that survives in the civilized world. The women and the older peasants begin by regarding the Communists as "Anti-Christs," but discussion often wins the young people. It is probably crude and unenlightened to begin with, but wherever lecturers can be found, the Communists are trying to give the masses some notions of popular science. The failure of the priests to get rain by prayer shook the faith of some villages during this year's drought. Even more shattering to faith was a test to which in some holy shrines the Church rashly submitted. It had taught that the bodies of canonized saints remain uncorrupted in their graves until the Resurrection. When the shrines were opened, the saint, of course, turned out to be only mortal dust. The village priests have a bad name for their grasping and acquisitive habits, and they are rarely loved. They are, indeed, little more than custom officers on the frontiers of the next world, who take toll from anxious travellers. On that evil reputation the Communists play, and combat landlord, "Kulak" and priest, as the united exploiters of the peasant.

FINISHING THE WORK OF PETER THE GREAT

"Every village," said one of these women agitators, "has its own character. A backward village elects old stagers to the Soviet. A progressive village elects youngsters, thinking they are now the rulers. In my village," she went on, "the priest worked hard to carry his own list. The younger people came forward against him with the cry, 'Are you going to vote for the man, who used to take your last crust?' He was utterly defeated. Even his sons have come over, and are organizing village plays, 'working for the anathema' as their father says."

This anti-clerical struggle has its ugly side. It was not pretty to see the young laughing at the old, as they crossed themselves before a shrine in the main street of Vladimir. Yet any advance in Russia can be purchased only by a sharp breach with the mediaeval past. I got a glimpse in these villages of a cleavage so primitive, that we of the west can barely with an effort understand it. The Communists are struggling to cross the gulf between the twelfth century and the twentieth. They stand for rationalism, for an intelligent system of cultivation, for education, and for an active ideal of cooperation and social service, against superstition, waste, illiteracy, and passive obedience. This elementary struggle matters, it seems to me, infinitely more in Russia than the controversial issues which divide Mensheviks and other intellectuals from the Communists. Youth is ranged against age in the villages, and the battle is really one between an Oriental conservatism and a modern and western view of life. Lenin continues the unfinished work of Peter the Great.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Things That Grow

It was nothing but a little neglected garden,
Laurel-screened, and hushed in a hot stillness;
An old pear-tree and flowers mingled with weeds,
Yet as I came to it all unawares, it seemed
Charged with mystery; and I stopped, intruding
Fearful of hurting that so absorbed stillness,
For I was tingling with the wind's salty splendor
And still my senses moved with the keel's buoyance
Out on the water, where strong light was shivered
Into a dazzling dance as of drops of flame.
The rocking radiance and the winged sail's lifting
And the noise of the rushing of the water left behind
Sing to my body of movement, victory, joy
But here the light was asleep, and green, green
In a veined leaf it glowed among the shadows.
A holly-hock rose to the sun and bathed its flowers
Luminously clustered in the unmoving air;
Marigolds burned intensely amid the grass
The ripening pears hung each with a rounded shadow;
All beyond was drowned in an indolent blueness,
And at my feet, like a word of an unknown tongue,
Was the midnight-dark bloom of the delicate pansy.
Suddenly these things awed my heart, as if here
In perishing blossom and springing shoot were a power
Greater than ship-wrecking winds and all wild waters.

LAURENCE BINYON

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH I have not had the pleasure of meeting the Reverend Dr. Bowlby, it is equally true, and a more agreeable thing to dwell on, that I have never had the pain of meeting him. For I don't believe I should cotton to Dr. Bowlby. How could this man, how could any man, fail to disappoint a caller whose private ideal of life he is striving to impose upon a whole nation? For many years torpor has been my ideal. To this god I have set up in my own house a quiet, fireless altar. All day I love to sit in a deep-dish chair, with my feet up, reading no matter what book. Meals, to the number of three or four a day, must come to me of their own free will. Any sound of labor, no matter how faint, is an irritant. Anything resembling the bustle of preparation is in my eyes a crime. No comfort of home that I would not sooner forego than witness any sign of effort to make me comfortable. This applies to all comforts except food, sleep and silence. And I had rather hear the silence break than see people striving and agonizing not to break it. Wasn't it Hume who gave the perfect description of the Puritan Sunday?—"Sunday, which they affected to call the Sabbath, and sanctified by the most melancholy indolence." Perfect, except for that one word wrong. Indolence is never melancholy.

Dr. Bowlby, unless the papers do him an injustice, wishes to bestow upon all my countrymen that indolence which I love, honor and cherish as the greatest of blessings upon earth, as a foretaste of life beyond the grave. His too modest aim, to be sure, is to make only one day in seven a day of idleness, but perhaps he will grow less narrow by and by. One must begin somewhere. It is less for this cautious, bit-by-bit policy that I blame him than for the ignorance with which he is probably afflicted. I suspect him of being benightedly ignorant of his own subject. In imagination I can see myself calling as a possible contributor upon Dr. Bowlby, can hear myself tactfully leading our talk to the Fathers and the other Great Men who have written so ingeniously and so much about the observance of Sunday, and making a neat allusion to St. Augustine De Spiritu et Litera (XIV). Does Dr. Bowlby take his cue from me? Does his response reveal how deeply he has explored this immortal treatise? Alas! There is no response. His blank face is proof that he does not know what I am talking about. Surprised, a little disconcerted, more than a little curious, I pass from allusion to reference. I proceed to refer, explicitly and unmistakably, to other samples of the literature of Sunday observance, to St. Jerome, for example—you either know the passage I have in mind, or will find it in De celebratione Paschae. Dr. Bowlby still looks invincibly ignorant. Thoroughly roused now, yet still somewhat incredulous and hopeful, I resort to that which "is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen": I ask questions. By questioning I discover, while an erudite horror rises about me like a tide, that Dr. Bowlby is unfamiliar not only with Augustine and Jerome, but with Duns Scotus Super Sententias—yes, even with lib. III, dist. 37—with Nicholaus de Lyra, with Gerson and with Antoninus of Florence. Now how, I ask you, speaking as one well-read man to another, how can one open one's purse, how can one even talk, to a man as ignorant of his own subject as all that? Nay, worse than ignorant—almost illiterate.

However, it is perhaps unfair to accuse Dr. Bowlby of ignorance on the strength of nothing but an imaginary interview. A solider basis exists for an accusation of frivolous half-heartedness. Does Dr. Bowlby mean business? Is he in earnest? Has he any sacred fire in his belly? How mild are the penalties he proposes, how tepid and cringing, compared with the genuine article, as produced in the old and genuine days! Even Dr. Bowlby must have read—who hasn't?—the Book of Numbers, Chapter XV, verses 32 and foll.: "And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the sabbath day. And they that found him gathering sticks brought him into Moses and Aaron, and unto all the congregation. And they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him. And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall be surely put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp. And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died; as the Lord commanded Moses." There is a thoroughness about this that is very gratifying. In 1490 B. C. they knew a thing or two which the Blue Lawgivers of this degenerate day appear to have forgotten.

All I have done so far is to accuse Dr. Bowlby of being poor of his kind. Equally true and more significant is the statement that his kind is bad. It ignores that experimental method which the Almighty has somewhat lately revealed unto man. I, who would go further than Dr. Bowlby and his aiders and abettors, who would make any form of activity punishable by death, who would have the new Blue Laws regard every day as a Sabbath, even I am modern enough to realize that before all Americans can be brought to my way of thinking, some experimenting must be done. Before we make up our collective mind let us give every brand of Sabbath, every variety of Rest Day, a fair trial. An Old Testament Sabbath in Milwaukee, a Puritan Sunday in Louisville, a Greek holy day in Linoleumville, Staten Island, a modern Spanish Sunday in Chicago, not too far from the stock yards—let us instal all these and then observe, assemble and codify the results, upon which a few of the nation's broadest generalizers shall then be turned loose, that genuinely scientific Sunday legislation may be the issue of knowledge long pondered.

Once our Sunday laws are thus fixed, either uniformly throughout our once broad land, or with such changes from here to there as may be suggested by a decent respect for the habits of mankind in their variety, said laws ought not lightly to be changed. Any one who proposes to change them must be haled into some sort of court, where he shall be publicly binet-tested, psycho-analysed, cross-examined as to his acquaintance with civilized forms of human life. Does he rate happiness high or low among human ends? Does he think the world would be better or worse if everybody devoted himself to censoring everybody else? How does he answer Sir Toby's question: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale"?

If he be found, adjudged a poor sort of human creature, narrow and nagging, a man of thin, impoverished aims, not only shall the amendment he would make in our Sunday laws be not proposed, but he shall himself be ostracized, cast out of the congregation, banished from the country. If, on the other hand, his public examination turn out a triumph for him, he shall be free to go ahead with his amendment, subject only to this proviso, that if his amendment fail, whether it be a constitutional amendment or a change in a state law, he and his associates shall be brought without the camp, and shall be stoned until they die. Such a willingness to risk death would do something toward freeing our Blue Lawgivers from the charge of being poor sports. Not enough, perhaps, but still something.

P. L.

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Departed Kings

Irish Fairy Tales, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A CRITICAL man is usually an intensely practical man, and an intensely practical man does not like fairy tales. At best, he escapes from the real world by playing poker or telling anecdotes or reading detective stories. He may write a sort of fairy tale, if he is a writer, because it gives him a world that is varied and colored and free; but he enjoys that variety and freedom and color because he can play with it in the service of his common sense. He imagines another world, as Swift did, only because by the ways of another world he can betray the great assumptions of this world, and its self-sufficiency and its pride. But, being a critical man and a practical man, the real world is still the world on which he is whetting his intelligence. There is nothing real to him in that other imagined world, the world of fairy tale.

And yet there are men to whom, because a world is flower-sprent and bright-winded, it must be real; and because kings are king-hearted, they must be true. Of this company is James Stephens. He has, when he indulges it, a very pretty common sense of his own. He talks of wives, for example, as one to whom it is a cause of constant and slightly malicious wonderment that the woman of his desire should turn out to be the woman of his discipline; and out of this discovery he weaves quite knowing tales. But there is a river around the rim of the world for most practical men, and when James Stephens comes to this river he strips himself and swims out beyond his common sense. And it is there, beyond his common sense, that he finds these happy and unhappy countrymen of his, Fionn and Fiacuil mac Cona and Oisin and Goll mor mac Morna and the hounds Bran and Sceólan and the awful hags who were daughters of Conaran and the lovely Becfola and Becuma of the White Skin.

It is with his hand in the hand of beauty that James Stephens returns to the days of Fionn. Fionn, whose name is pronounced to rhyme with "tune," is made real to us first of all in childhood, and then, after he passes through the perils of childhood and through the dangers that threaten him from the sons of Morna, we know him in his great encounter with Aillen who comes out of the Shi. We behold in him the beauty of body and the beauty of accomplishment. He "learned to swim until he could pop into the water like an otter and slide through it like an eel. He used to try to chase a fish the way he chased hares in the bumpy field—but there are terrible spurts in a fish. It may be that a fish cannot hop, but he gets there in a flash, and he isn't there in another. Up or down, sideways or endways, it is all one to a fish. He goes and is gone . . . You cannot catch a fish by swimming, but you can try, and Fionn tried."

The great beauty of Fionn is his courage. He is the sayer of yea.

"A general wonder ensued as to what matter the High King would submit to his people.

" 'Friends and heroes,' said Conn, 'Aillen, the son of Midna, will come tonight from Slieve Fuaid with occult, terrible fire against our city (Tara). Is there among you one who loves Tara and the king, and who will undertake our defence against that being?'

"He spoke in silence, and when he had finished he listened to the same silence, but it was now deep, ominous, agonized. Each man glanced uneasily on his neighbor and then stared at his wine-cup or his fingers. The hearts of young men went hot for a gallant moment and were chilled in the succeeding one, for they had all heard of Aillen out of Shi Finnachy in the North. The lesser gentlemen looked under their brows at the greater champions, and these peered furtively at the greatest of all. Art og mac Morna of the Hard Strokes fell to biting his fingers, Conán the Swearer and Garra mac Morna grumbled irritably to each other and at their neighbors, even Caelte, the son of Ronán, looked down into his own lap, and Goll Mor sipped at his wine without any twinkle in his eye. A horrid embarrassment came into the great hall, and as the High King stood in that palpitating silence his noble face changed from kindly to grave and from that to a terrible sternness. In another moment, to the undying shame of every person present, he would have been compelled to lift his own challenge and declare himself the champion of Tara for that right, but the shame that was on the faces of his people would remain in the heart of their king. . . . It was at that terrible moment that Fionn stood up."

The courage of Fionn is not, however, the unvarying tale. There is Fionn in the person of Mongan ill-treating the Christian holy men, and later taking "some few dozen deep draughts of the wine" and jovially unfolding his adventures. A beautiful lady, Duv Laca, is the subject of those adventures. Mongan so coveted a herd of white cattle with red ears that he exchanged Duv Laca for them to the King of Leinster. (She was quite pleased.) And it took much craftiness to secure the return of Duv Laca.

Becuma is an even more alluring maid. She came to Ireland from the Many-Colored Land, but she was a woman with a past, and when the High King, recently a widower, met her as she stepped from her boat "and walked to him among black boulders and patches of yellow sand," he succumbed at once, to the misfortune of his country. "She had long soft hair that was yellow as gold, and soft as the curling foam of the sea. Her eyes were wide and clear as water and were gray as a dove's breast. Her teeth were as white as snow and of an evenness to marvel at. Her lips were thin and beautifully curved: red lips in truth, red as winter berries and tempting as the fruits of summer. The people who superintended her departure said mournfully that when she was gone there would be no more beauty left in their world." But she was no sooner queen of Ireland than there was famine. "Every year before that time three crops of corn used to be lifted off the land, but during Art's absence there was no corn in Ireland, and there was no milk. The whole land went hungry." It was only when the king's son brought back a queen "more powerful in art and magic" that Becuma departed—and, forbidden entry to the Shi, "went to Sasana" from which she fosters rage against the Holy Land.

The country of the Shi, or fairies, is, by the way, beautifully described by James Stephens for the benefit of the earth-born and earth-bound. "There is a difference between this world and the world of Faery, but it is not immediately perceptible. Everything that is here is there, but the things that are there are better than those that are here. All things that are bright are there brighter. There is more gold in the sun and more silver in the moon of that land. There is more scent in the flowers, more savor in the fruit. There is more comeliness in the men and more tenderness in the women. Everything in Faery is better by this one wonderful degree, and it is by this betterness you will know that you are there if you should ever happen to get there."

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Still, a mortal among the Shi has his own troubles. And while the ruler of the Shi of Rath Cruachan shows his friendliness toward Fionn by winning a race against the son of the King of Thessaly, there are awful hags among the Shi, and only Goll's eagerness for battle saves all the Fenians from the enchanted cave. I do not myself understand the dangers of the Shi, but personally I should like to keep one toe on the old earth, out of habit. But James Stephens has no such sneaking preference. And as to the earth-born themselves, he expects nothing too much. He tells how Goll saved Fionn. "That did not prevent Goll from killing Fionn's brother Cairell later on, nor did it prevent Fionn from killing Goll later on again, and the last did not prevent Goll from rescuing Fionn out of hell when the Fianna-Finn were sent there under the new God. Nor is there any reason to complain or to be astonished at these things, for it is a mutual world we live in, a give-and-take world, and there is no great harm in it."

The man to whom these stories were entrusted for illustration is Arthur Rackham. It was a choice well-advised and fortunate. It is not only that he can reveal "the country that smells of apple-blossom and honey" as no one else who is illustrating; but he reads and divines the spirit of his author, and hence his profusion of line and color. And to this James Stephens is entitled. For there is enough of the hard line of beauty in his work to make one rejoice in its amplitude. It is like the city of Tara, in his own words—"a city of dream, a city to catch the heart, when, coming over the great plain, Fionn saw Tara of the Kings held on its hill as in a hand to gather all the gold of the falling sun, and to restore a brightness as mellow and tender as that universal largess."

F. H.

An Outline of Psychology

The New Psychology and its Relation to Life, by A. G. Tansley. Dodd, Mead and Company.

MR. TANSLEY'S book, like Mr. Wells's Outline of History, is a pragmatic arrangement of disorderly knowledge. Specialists must of course quarrel with these efforts to systematize because they are necessarily more interested in the value of intrinsic judgments than in a sketch of the whole. They say of Mr. Wells, and they will say of Mr. Tansley, what was said of Gladstone: "that every one regarded him as a master in every domain of knowledge except that with which he, himself, was particularly conversant, but there quickly recognized his deficiency."* But important as it is to recognize the deficiencies, it is no less important to remember that you would have to close every school in the world if nothing could be taught but what is indisputably known. If it were the business of education to transmit nothing but final knowledge, education would stop and with it the discovery of new knowledge. But that is not the business of education. Its business, in part, is to make the pupil aware of what there is that can be known, and to furnish him with instruments for receiving and retaining data, no less than for examining and analyzing them.

For two or three generations there has been little emphasis upon synthetic education. This followed naturally from the breakdown of the old formal organization of knowledge under the impact of critical science. The older syntheses were so full of error, they were so harshly defended and so pedantically taught, that they produced an extreme reaction. Any teaching which might be called prematurely systematic was avoided for fear that it would endanger the spirit of open-minded inquiry. As a result, people who received a modern education in the last thirty or forty years find themselves curiously at loose ends. Their minds are spotty, little clusters of random knowledge in a sandy emptiness. Against this in turn there are many of the signs of a reaction. The desultory selection of college courses is being supplanted by a directed selection. There is a great increase in survey and comparative courses, and a growing tendency to supplant the special examinations by general examinations for which mere grind and cram are not enough. The Outline by Mr. Wells and this book by Mr. Tansley belong to that phase. They are written in response to the layman's need for perspective and plan.

Mr. Tansley's book seems to me the best general survey of psychology now available. It is the best, partly because it is the latest, but chiefly because Mr. Tansley enjoys a fine gift of exposition. He himself has an orderly and a lucid mind, and an unfailing respect for the reader. He does not assume, as so many textbook writers do, that what is obvious to him is obvious to every one. He takes the trouble to define and to clarify those commonplace ideas to which the ordinary specialist is so habituated that he takes them for granted. In expounding psychology this is particularly important, because the whole language of psychology is confused by private, one might almost say secret, subtleties.

More specifically, Mr. Tansley has attempted to make a junction between McDougall's picture of the instincts, the Freudian doctrine of the unconscious, of repression, regression, rationalization and the rest, and Trotter's definition of gregariousness. These two main schools, the Freudian and the McDougall, hitherto living in splendid isolation, are brought together in an interesting fashion. McDougall's instincts are considered the driving energy of the Freudian complexes. The behaviorists are left out in the cold, unfortunately it seems to me. For there is much reason to think that the most coherent arrangement of the different psychologies can be effected by their reduction to the common terms of behaviorism. Mr. Edwin B. Holt's very brilliant book, called The Freudian Wish, indicated how this was possible. And it is difficult not to feel that Mr. Holt began a deeper integration of the psychologies than Mr. Tansley has achieved by taking both Freud and McDougall at their own logical level and in their own terminology.

Possibly the most serious result is to be seen in Mr. Tansley's crucial chapter on the equilibrium of the mind. He speaks, for example, of "a general tendency of the mind to *compensate* for activity in one direction by corresponding activity in an opposite direction." He notes the parallel with physiological processes "where automatic checks to processes perfectly normal and necessary in themselves, but which would lead to dislocation of mechanism, and ultimately to death if they have continued beyond a certain point, are always present." Is it merely a *parallel?* Is the physiological balance merely an analogy? Mr. Tansley, would, I suppose, reply that since we do not understand the relation between mind and body, he must as a psychologist define mind purely in terms of mind. On that point the behaviorists were entitled to a better hearing

*A Study for the Times, by W. Duncan McKim, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920.

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than Mr. Tansley gives them. Especially when he was discussing equilibrium, it was essential to take into account at the outset the immensely illuminating behaviorist study by E. J. Kempf on the "Automatic Functions and the Personality."

It might fairly be argued that all this would have involved the writing not of a survey for the general reader, but an original contribution to psychology. I should agree. Mr. Tansley has been content to take two of the main schools as he finds them, and to restate their conclusions in an interesting and intelligible form. That is a valuable service, and it is no fault of this book's that the body of psychological knowledge is still so intractable. Mr. Tansley has no pretensions that he does not fully justify. In fact the whole temper of the book brings confidence in the integrity and disinterestedness of the writer. You feel the presence of an excellent teacher, at once sympathetic enough to expound, and critical enough to put you on your guard against taking his necessary assumptions for more than they are worth. W. L.

The Mutilation of a Masterpiece

Ditte: Girl Alive, by Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated from the Danish. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

IF an artist sold a painting of a nude to a museum, and the museum had a kimono painted on that nude, both the public and the artist would have a right to protest if his signature were left on the painting. If, moreover, the Directors felt that the head was too vigorously realistic and had it prettified into insipid sweetness, surely even the most conservative art critic would insist on a suit of damages against the museum if the original artist's name still sat in the corner of the mutilated painting.

Yet only a hopeless murmur of "traduttore, tradittore" is heard when a similar crime is committed against a writer. Every year in England and America the work of some continental author is caricatured in what is announced as an English "translation," and to this caricature the publisher affixes the original author's name. No worse instance of this malpractice has come for a long while than the publication in this country of Martin Andersen Nexö's novel Ditte Menneskebarn (the title mistranslated as Ditte: Girl Alive). Scandinavian writers must of course expect to suffer more than writers translated from better known languages. Sometimes it doesn't matter very much, as in the case of Johan Bojer who is not a great writer; but it will matter when all of Hamsun comes to be translated, and it matters tremendously in the case of Nexö, who in Pelle the Conqueror and in Ditte has proved himself an artist whom the world should demand to know as he really is.

Pelle was badly translated. It was smoothed and expurgated and strapped in creaking English, but no one could entirely flatten its rich and rugged mass. Ditte is a different sort of book. In Pelle, Nexö showed what he could do with a flood of marvelous if meticulous detail. In Ditte, he shows what he can do by leaving the meticulous details out,—by being of the most translucent simplicity. Ditte is the greater book. It is also the easier for the translator to murder. He, or she (cautiously remaining anonymous), has done it. The English version is a livid corpse, and the only function left for a reviewer who knows the original is that of coroner.

Before proceeding to the inquest a little must be said about the real book—not much, as it is not available for English readers. Ditte is the name and the life history of a young girl, in four short volumes, three of which have been written and published in Danish. Only the first two have been done into English, and, incidentally, the publisher fails to mention that there are two more volumes to come. Ditte's history begins with a brief sketch of her ancestry, which, Nexö says, goes back to the famous family of "Man." "Ditte, Daughter of Man," is therefore the correct translation of the title. In Danish the expression "child of man" is also used as an exclamation equal to the English "man alive!" but it is only used this way once in the book, and the deeper meaning is not conveyed by it.

Ditte is an illegitimate child. Her mother deserts her and she is brought up by her grandparents, poor fisher-folk. Her mother soon reclaims her for use as a household drudge. Utter poverty and more than ordinary adult work continue to be her life until she is fourteen, where she is left at the end of the second volume. But it is a mistake to suppose that Ditte is only another somber record of hardship and misery. It is the triumph over circumstance of a brave and gentle human being, even if that triumph consists only in maintaining courage and gentleness where bitter cowardice would have been justifiable. And it is told in language that is as essential to the book as air is to life. It has the limpid simplicity of a Maupassant, without his frigidity. Nexö loves his characters; he bathes them in a warm clearness that is unforgettable. When one analyzes this, it consists in a choice of words. He doesn't make use of dialect or forced quaintness, he depends, if one may say so, on never getting out of the picture. He never uses a learned or a literary word. He hardly ever uses a word that his fishers and farmers wouldn't understand, or themselves use. Therefore, besides the beauty of simple peasant language, his book has also its unashamedness, its impolite realism in discussing natural functions. And here, of course, is where the Anglo-American translator and publisher step in with their pruning hooks.

In this case, contradictory as it may seem, they have done literature a service. There are four important ways in which a book may be mistranslated, and in the English version of Ditte all of them are to be found. This gives the book a wonderful value as an example. The first sin is usually prudishness. Anything that refers, or could be interpreted to refer, to sex is cut out. We are so used to this process that it is no great surprise to find sentences and paragraphs and whole pages excised from Ditte lest Americans should discover sex. There is only one exception to the lack of surprise. One should think it was respectable, in fact obligatory, for a mother to nurse her own children. Well, Ditte's old grandmother Maren reflects for thirty-four lines on the pleasure she had in nursing her children—and these thirty-four lines are cut out. And many others. A somewhat amusing instance is the following: Old Maren says to Ditte's recalcitrant father, "Perhaps you're thinking now of the son your fresh young wife ought to bear you," which is rendered in the translation minus the words "fresh young." There are a weary number of similar cases, but let us take the next sin of translators, which is prettification. Realistic language of any kind is toned down or done away with. In this respect Ditte presents a hard problem. There is so much realism in it that to leave it out altogether would leave too little to publish, but the translator has done his, or her, best. The reason is simple. Ditte is the story of a child. The

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story of a child must be sweet. Sweet children, for instance, never have any trouble keeping their underwear dry. So several real tragedies in Ditte's young life are quietly suppressed. But the worst of the prettification in this book is that it isn't content to be negative. It adds pink ribbons. It translates a word which means "toddler," or "tot" as the awful "girlie" and revels in it, and brings in "dearie" where the Danish has some roughly affectionate word. And, perhaps worst of all, it strives for quaintness by the copious use of words warranted quaint, such as "belike," "seems like," "'tis," "'tis naught," "ay, ay," and "nay, nay," and constructions such as, "If you but had a father."

Far more heinous than prettification, however, is laziness,—using a stale, commonplace, handy word, where the original has a troublesome fresh one which demands a hunt for the English equivalent. For instance, in the Danish original there occurs a phrase which in rough literal translation would be something like, "her arms were regular doll's stuff, and she had no bite in her." This is rendered by our translator poetically thus, "her limbs were fragile, and strength in her there was none." Or, literally, "She certainly would be careful not to step on his tail again," and rendered "—not to come up against him again." Or, literally, "There was snow everywhere, the bushes reached thick white cat-paws out in all directions—," and rendered, "There was snow everywhere, the bushes were weighted down with it—." Examples could be heaped up endlessly, there is hardly a line that doesn't violate Nexö's imaginative style.

Sometimes, of course, it is difficult to distinguish between laziness and ignorance, the fourth and most easily forgiven sin of a translator. When, in Ditte, the Danish word which means "to hit gently" is translated as "to chat," it is plainly ignorance, but what is it when the word which means "fawning" is given as "considerate"?—Under ignorance one must classify poor English, as "he could hardly tolerate to listen of this tale." Here one comes close to the heart of the translation problem. This version of Ditte shows that the translator is insensitive to words, whether Danish or English, in short that he, or she, is not a writer. Writers can't be expected to do translations; the work is so scandalously underpaid that they couldn't afford to devote the time necessary to it. Therefore publishers hire hacks. But, in common honesty, Henry Holt & Co. should put on the title page of Ditte: Girl Alive, "Mutilated from the Danish," and omit the name of the innocent author.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

The Recent War

A Brief History of the Great War, by Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

NO American professor is better qualified to write an American account of the Great War than Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, of Columbia University. Before 1914 he had given many years to the study of the social and economic forces that were driving the world into a cataclysm, as his published works attest. Shortly after America declared war, he laid aside his books to enter the Military Intelligence Service of the War Department where he supplemented his researches by first hand contact with the inward spirit and purposes of our government. All the time he kept up a continuous analysis of the documents and papers that streamed from the press—or rather such books and papers as the benevolent powers made accessible to scholars.

The fruits of his recent labors are embodied in this volume. In the main it is a record of military endeavor, as the chapter titles indicate. There are an introduction on the causes of the war and a concluding chapter on the "new era" opened by the settlement at Paris. The thirteen intervening chapters deal with the German invasion of Belgium and France, the failure of Russia to overwhelm Germany, Britain's mastery of the sea, the Allied failure in the Near East, the Russian retreat, German triumphs in the Near East, the military failures of 1916, the intervention of the United States, the Russian revolt and the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the last great drives and counter-drives. The style is vivid, the narrative moving, and the descriptions full of color.

As to the causes of the war, Professor Hayes is in accord with the overwhelming majority of American scholars and editors whose views will hardly be changed by Die Deutschen Dokumente zum Kriegsausbruch or the Austrian Diplomatische Aktenstücke zur Vorgeschichte des Krieges or Hoeniger's Russlands Vorbereitung zum Weltkrieg. Professor Hayes thinks that the underlying cause was "international anarchy," which is a very convenient and summary way of saying "all that had happened in Europe since the day of Caesar and beyond." The immediate cause, however, was Germany. "It was Germany which precipitated the war." Still the encirclement theory so tenaciously held by the Germans is not dismissed as a piece of mythology. Anyhow, the war began. That is a fact which will not be downed even by the painstaking and illuminating researches of Professor Sidney B. Fay, published in the American Historical Review for July and October, 1920.

Only on one point does there seem to be some confusion in Professor Hayes's narrative, and perhaps that is apparent rather than real. He tells us [page 270] that "with the Russian autocracy gone, their cause [that of the Allies] was now unquestionably the cause of democracy and civilization." On the same page he adds: "Less and less throughout the year 1917 did the purpose of the Allies appear to be merely the chastisement of Germany and the parcelling out of conquered territories; more and more it became the fashioning of a league of free nations which should preserve a peace of justice." On page 357, he relates that the Allies were ready to make peace on President Wilson's terms subject to certain reservations. On page 364, he states: "It was the business of the Allies to refashion the map of Europe and dictate the peace settlement in their own interests. 'To the victors belonged the spoils' and the Allies were the victors." On page 399 he suggests that "imperialistic gains seemed to be the stakes of most of the Great Powers" [except, of course, the United States].

On the Bolsheviks, Professor Hayes has decided views. In his eyes they were a mischievous and short-sighted lot of brutes and criminal fanatics [pages 260, 336, 342] and they leaned more and more toward Germany [page 341]. It was the spectacular exploits of the Czecho-Slovaks and the increasing interdependence of the Germans and the Bolsheviki that finally led to Allied intervention and prevented Russia from becoming a German supply station [pages 338, 342]. No other historian of the war has made a more effective statement of the argument for Allied intervention in Russian affairs.

In a clear and ringing summary, Professor Hayes pre-

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sents the results of the war: the growth of nationalism, the triumph of imperialism, more republicanism and democracy, a habit of resorting to force to adjust disputes, marked tendencies toward social control if not socialism, an immense impetus to science, and the enhanced prestige of the Catholic Church which "was ably guided during the Great War and remained true to its high ideals" [page 410]. Moreover Professor Hayes is convinced that a "body blow" has been dealt at the doctrines of materialism and determinism, while "spiritualism" has come to the fore. The present reviewer not being versed in theology feels unable to enter this domain, but he was not aware that the Ouija board had made any serious inroads upon excess profits since the war broke out. Neither is he able to see just how Professor Hays can record, almost on the same page, the grand triumph of economic imperialism and the grand triumph of those who look to the Sermon on the Mount for their inspiration and strength. Still, the present reviewer is in a humble and contrite spirit and welcomes assurance from any quarter. Since Professor Hayes's book appeared, he has noticed that the French government, long famous for its almost passionate devotion to the Vatican, has insisted on its ancient right and duty to protect Christians in the Near East. There is undoubtedly something unctuous in this.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age, by Mary Wilhelmine Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A "good report," a posthumous reputation for prowess and courage, was the goal of the Viking's ambition. What fate gave him, however, was about as evil a report as ever fell to the lot of man. Like the Huns, the Moors and the Turks, the Vikings failed to leave to posterity accounts of their intentions and achievements sufficiently explicit to offset the atrocities propaganda of their enemies. Therefore their name remained accursed, until the modern nationalistic movement set the scholars of the north European states to delving into sagas and folksong, rubbish heaps and graves, for evidence of an original stock with something to its credit besides piracy and murder. They discovered enough evidence to compose a voluminous literature, out of which Dr. Williams has managed to extract a remarkably coherent and intelligible account of social and economic life in Scandinavia in the period from the eighth to the middle of the eleventh century.

The book bears all the marks of a painstaking scientific technique, yet it misses that quality of wholesome dreariness that most studies in social origins exhibit. Dr. Williams evidently liked her subject very much, and is in command of a literary art that compels her readers to like it too. The book is not only agreeable reading, but decidedly profitable reading for any one who needs to free himself from the illusion that the course of European historical development was adequately charted by the representatives of the Roman tradition who wrote the books of mediaeval and early modern times.

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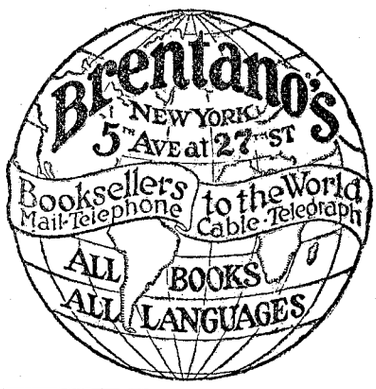

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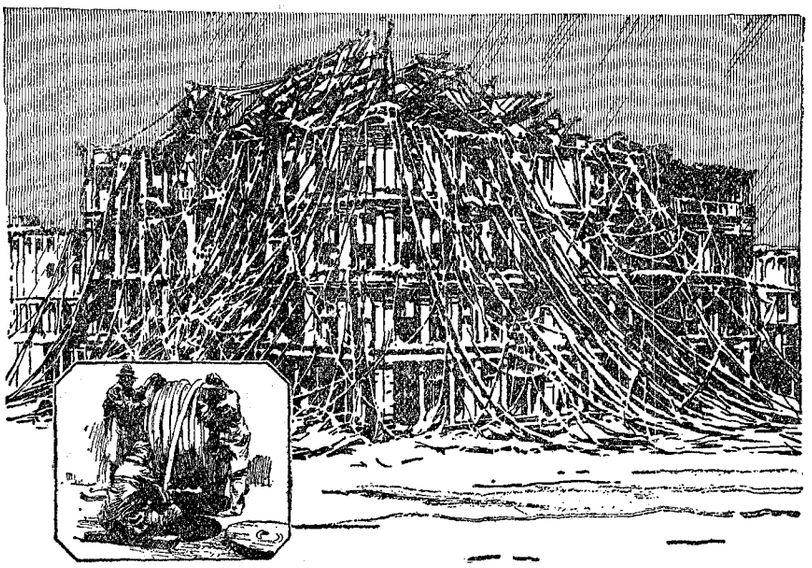

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